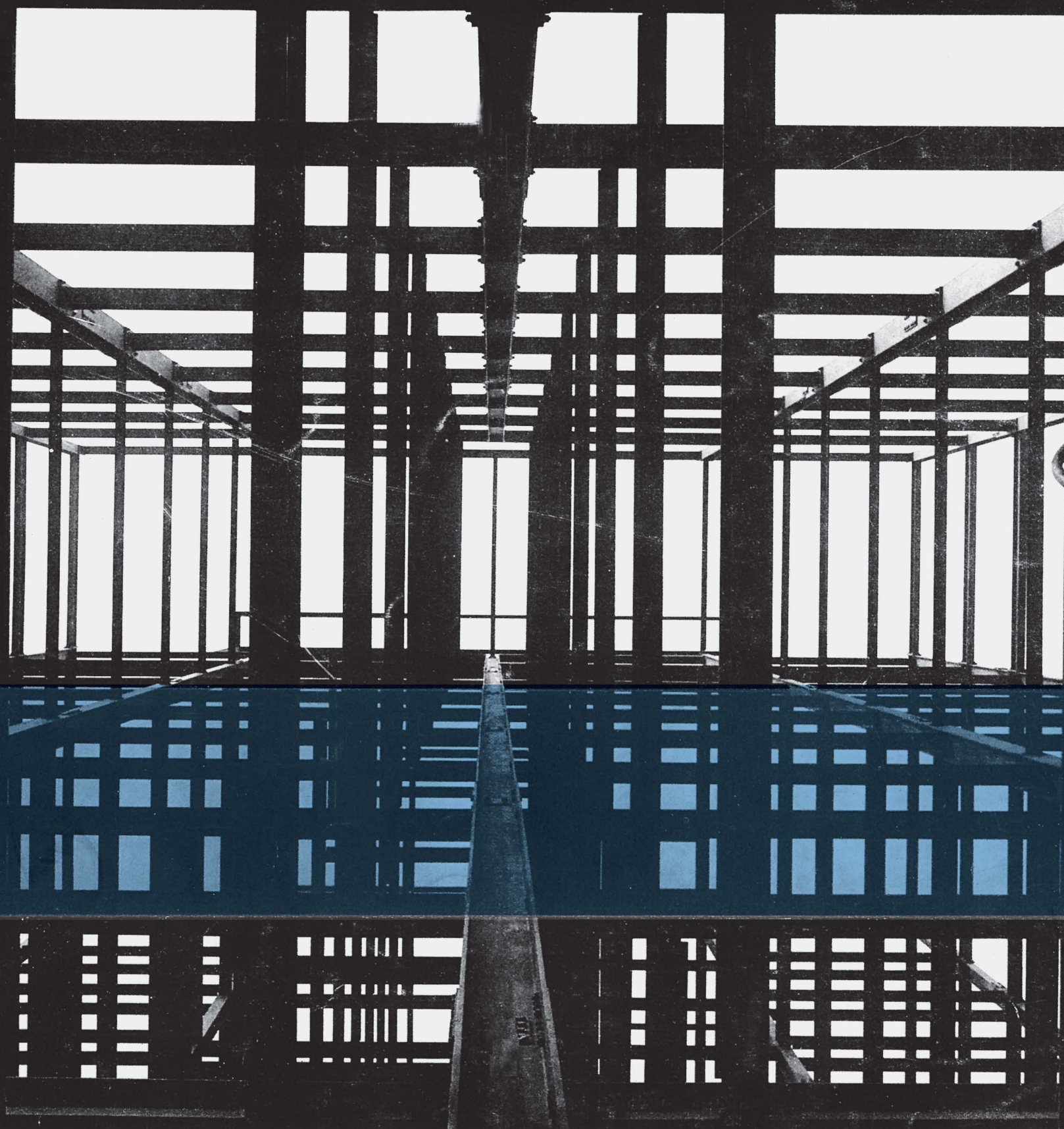
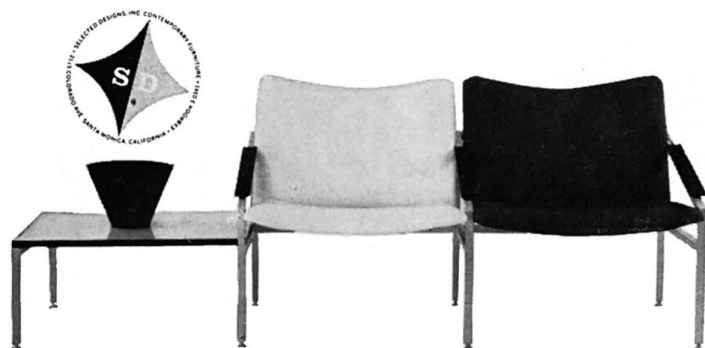
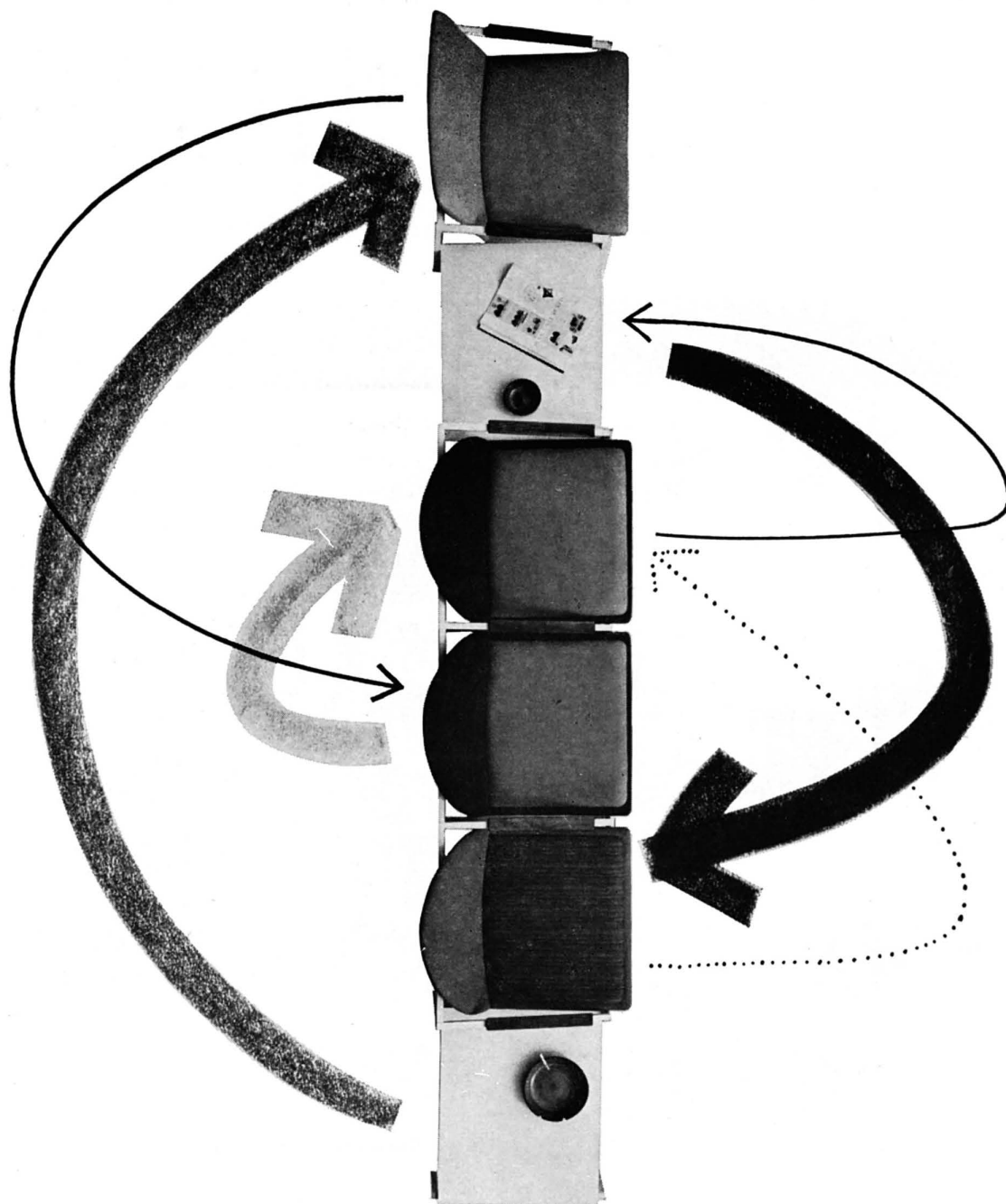


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ART

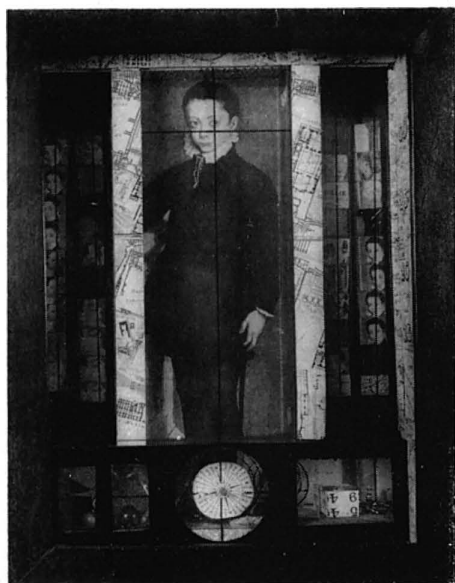
DORE ASHTON

BUT, BUT, but An assemblage of wayward opinion on the Art of Assemblage

"I undertook and executed a voyage of forty-two days around my chamber. The interesting observations that I made, and the continual pleasure I experienced along the way made me want to render the experience public. . . . I am sure that you would want to know why my voyage around my room lasted forty-two days and not forty-three, or a completely other space of time; but how will I indicate it to the reader since I do not know myself. . . . My room is situated on the 45th degree latitude according to the measure of Father Beccaria: its direction is from east to west; it forms a long square which has thirty-six steps around it if you touch the wall closely. My voyage will comprise, nevertheless, many more, since I traverse it often width and breadth, or diagonally, without following rule or method—I will even make zig-zags, and I would follow all lines possible in geometry if need demands it. . . . My soul is so much open to all sorts of ideas, tastes and sentiments; it avidly receives everything which presents itself! . . . After my armchair, walking toward the north, you discover my bed, placed at the end of my room, and which forms the most agreeable perspective. . . ."

Xavier de Maistre's *Voyage Autour de Ma Chambre* appeared around 1794. It is the first ironic work of fiction in the 19th century which pretends to teach the reader to "see" ordinary objects and come to know their resonance. Not only does de Maistre insist on detail, much as Beckett, Sarraute, and Ionesco might, even though it appears trivial, but he insists that the reader follow his vagaries, his malaises, his interruptions, his frustrations. In one chapter, he merely makes a structure of dots or periods enclosing a single word, "mound." In this he prefigures Apollinaire who resorted to visual means to express the inexpressible. In another chapter, de Maistre takes the ironic voice—thoroughly modern—in which he feigns that he is not in control of his means: "I don't know how it comes about but for some time now, my chapters always finish on a sinister note. In vain I fix my regard on some agreeable object . . ." The final effect of his painstaking pretense at respect for detail is the artful destruction of the "objects" by a wealth of association and ancillary imagery.

At its best, the ironic technique contrived by de Maistre and practiced by the contemporary "realists" weaves the reader (or viewer in the case of visual art) back and forth in time and space and subjects him to the laminated experiences of the author in the terms which the author received them. Just look at this bench, this cigarette butt, this empty eggshell, says artist Spoerri, and see how far your mind can stray, for in themselves they are nothing. De Maistre's room, bed, armchair in themselves were nothing compared to the associations he was able to wrest from the experience—certainly unutterably boring—of contemplating them for forty-two days.



Joseph Cornell

Medici Slot Machine. 1942. Compartmented wooden box, with pasted photo- engravings and reproductions, glass, compass, wooden cubes, toy jacks, marbles, counters.

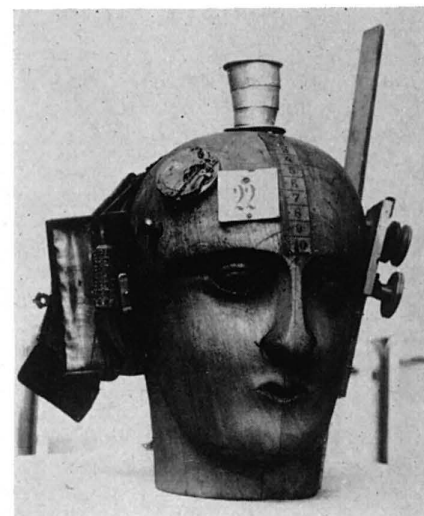
Courtesy: The Museum of Modern Art

William C. Seitz is a phenomenologist. Oh, not in the Kantian, Hegelian or even Heideggerian (have they yet canonized Heidegger so that we can add an "ian" to his name?) sense. He is a straightforward Webster phenomenologist in the first sense: he deals with the description and classification of phenomena. I don't mean that he deals *only* with them, for he is an extremely original and temperamental man judging by his book *The Art of Assemblage* accompanying the show of the same title. But Seitz does spare us his personal *frissons* in order to provide us with the means to understand the significance of *what exists*. In this he is an outstanding cultural historian. He looks at the 20th century, recognizes the existence of myriad forms of assembled "art" and obeys his professional categorical imperative: he makes a phenomenological inquiry. Whatever exists must have

Raoul Hausmann

Mechanical Head. 1918. Wood, metal, leather, cardboard.

Courtesy: The Museum of Modern Art



a value, and whether negative or positive, that value must be affixed by a human mind. Seitz enables us to affix values.

Assemblage is a word Seitz adapted from Dubuffet to describe works that are predominantly assembled rather than painted, drawn, modeled or carved; and that are entirely or in part made of preformed natural or manufactured materials, objects, or fragments not intended as art materials. As a true and proper phenomenologist, he early states that "Every work of art is an incarnation: an investment of matter with spirit." But he doesn't attempt to answer whether every investment of matter, no matter how short on spirit, is a work of art. There is no rhetorical pretense. The answer lies in the reader's evaluation of Seitz's classified and described phenomena.

The modern sensibility, he says, is often "ironic, perverse, antirational and even destructive. Yet with its negative side fully recognized, this temperament is one of the beauties that has flowered in the dark soil of 20th-century life." However, toward the end of his essay, Seitz discusses the serious opposing esthetic views and parenthetically asks "who can honestly declare himself to be entirely in one camp or the other?" To declare oneself against what exists ineffaceably is, as Seitz proves, infantile. To be "against" assemblage is about as fatuous as being against the horseless carriage.

The ironic mode is usually fragmentary, often aimed at condensation, and sometimes terminates in self-obliteration. Asked to write more pages for his collected works late in his life, de Maistre ironically told his publisher that he well knew that fecundity usually accompanies talent, and that he envied that prerogative which had been denied him, but (there is always a but with an ironist) many celebrated authors had written far too much.

Mallarmé dreamed of a single work, *The Book*, and Rimbaud whose sole aim was the "dérèglement de tous les sens" succeeded, and quit writing.

In following out the history of the derangement of conventional values both in literature and the visual arts, Seitz points to the close parallels in the two disciplines, both of which make use of metaphor, "the joining of two things which are different." The naming of things and their juxtaposition became paramount, it seems, only in the twentieth century. Apollinaire, of course, is the prime example. Seitz quotes him liberally and cogently,

and particularly, the important passage in which the poet declared that the new literary and plastic techniques of juxtaposition were the *opposite of narration*.

This has come to be an unduly stressed value. Narration, or the linking of related passages to form a whole, can exist artistically in combination with pure metaphor. Although narration is described in most modern criticism, as linear and progressive in sequence, it is not so strictly limited in practice. Joyce and Kafka incorporated narrative sequences in what were essentially discontinuous ironic forms. It can be done.

The curious thing is that when Apollinaire spoke of the new sources of inspiration in the new metaphorical technique—"prospectuses, catalogues, posters, advertisements of all sorts"—he spoke still in terms of *inspiration*. These phenomena were, for him, touchstones, modern touchstones with the same magical properties the wooded glen had for previous romantics. But *les extrêmes se touchent*: the inspired metaphorical technique Apollinaire envisioned with its extremes of juxtaposition touched the extreme of verism in subsequent literature and art. In place of narration, the verist writer or painter gives us assemblages of facts and demands that we assume that the accumulation of facts is bound to add up to something, maybe even something metaphysical. This is the assumption made by the journalist-novelists of the 1920s (Cendrars at his worst, Morand, etc.); the neo-realists of the 1930s; the stream-of-object-consciousness writers of the 1950s, and the assemblers of familiar debris of the 1960s.

* * *

The error possible—Seitz doesn't make it—is to come to believe that works made with "art materials," such as paintings and sculptures, are not facts and realities in themselves. Pierre Restany, the agile French apologist for the assemblers, who calls the movement "The New Realism" (how many schools have been called that! It seems to me that the prospectus for Leger's post-war school called his theory the New Realism) has weakened his argument with this error. In a brief essay in which he declares that The Reality Surpasses the Fiction, Restany takes up where Apollinaire left off. He says there is a "new sense of nature," the same one Apollinaire recognized in posters, advertisements, etc. He says contemporary "nature" is industrial, mechanical. The city and factory are our reality. Extroversion is the rule. He then makes his point: the assemblers are interested in the "expressive autonomy of exterior objects." Not representation, he insists, but *presentation* of modern nature. This, Restany claims, is realism. The fragment of steel is talismanic and calls up the whole world of modern "nature" because it is a fact. But why isn't a painting by a tachiste, an expressionist, or an art concretist just as much of a fact?

The first principle in criticism is to regard the work before us as a fact. The nature of the fact is the concern of the critic, not its putative relationship to an a priori concept of reality. Besides, what is this old bugaboo about conforming to reality? Since when has art or anything else in the realm of the human imagination had to do with mechanical methods of assessing "reality." The verists have always come out badly in the long run.

* * *

There is, of course, a metaphysics in the art of assemblage. But let us not exaggerate. Play is a legitimate function of the artist, though pedantic contemporary minds tend to invest the result of his play with extra meaning. The putting together of things in an ornamental, witty, shocking or gracious way doesn't always have to be metaphysically significant. When Veronese was asked who he really believed were present at the Last Supper during his trial, he replied, "I believe Christ and His Apostles were present, but if in a picture there remains unfilled space, I adorn it with figures according to my invention." Are Motherwell, Tinguely, Stankiewicz any more metaphysical than Veronese, truly?

* * *

I was impressed by Seitz' discussion of Gide. He relates Gide's method to the "dispersive" mode of the assemblers. Lafcadio, committed to a gratuitous, unmotivated act occupies a story which is nothing more than a coreless sequence of events. Gide's hand, as it intrudes and disrupts through the fictional author's notes, is the ironic agent that prevents narrative cohesion. "By dissociation, by refusing to resolve disparate elements, he retains an openness more typical of life than of art." Gide's carefully worked out technique was in reality a continuation of the 19th-

century satirical mode—the flower of decadent romanticism—rather than of the empirical realist tradition. A prototype, in one way, was Lord Byron who intrudes his irony from the beginning in his most august poem "Don Juan": "I would to heaven that I were so much clay/ As I am blood, bone, marrow, passion, feeling—/ Because at least the past were pass'd away—and for the future/ (but I write this reeling, Having got drunk exceedingly today/ So that I seem to stand upon the ceiling)/ I say—the future is a serious matter—And so—for God's sake—hock and soda water."

Calculated to shock those drawing-room intellectuals back in jolly old England; perversely designed to take the form out of the style and leave only the style if possible. Byron was wont to trot out his most eloquent poetry in order to jolt the reader with such a passage as "But—oh! ye lords and ladies intellectual./ Inform us truly, have they not hen-peck'd you all?" Or, the famous line describing Julia: "Possess'd an air and grace by no means common; Her stature tall—I hate a dumpy woman." Byron's delight in the dying-fall vulgarity terminating elegant passages parallels Magritte's delight in the perfectly modeled nude on his bottle, and Ernst's in the beautifully wrought salacious jokes of his earlier period.

In Byron and ironists in general, the "openness" Seitz describes sometimes lets so much fall out that openness becomes emptiness.

* * *

In an excellent chapter called "The Liberation of Objects" Seitz credits the cubist with making us "see" the unassuming objects such as kitchen and household items, close at hand. But the Spanish bodegonistas did precisely the same. What could be closer at hand than the bread, candlestick, cheese and grapes pushed up close to the picture-plane in a 16th century still-life? Here again, the virtue of verism is unduly extolled. The special accent of the objectness of objects is not a value in itself. If it were, would the Nutcracker Suite Ballet or Tales of Hoffmann qualify as examples of the liberation of objects?

(Continued on page 32)

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A GENERAL REPORT

I am a combative person, and nothing so brings out the fight in me as any attempt by American scholars, or musicians, or officials, or simple-minded esthetes who believe in Beethoven and Mozart to divert attention from the central importance, for music in America, of music composed by Americans. There are those of the Roger Sessions persuasion who believe that music is music only, a superior language, oblivious to national origins. I would suggest that listening to an orchestra of kotos and shakuhachis playing a Viennese waltz by Michio Miyagi might quickly cure them—if they are capable of being cured of a prejudice against which the whole of musical literature proclaims truth contrary.

Several years ago the New York Public Library appointed to be Curator of the Americana Collection of the Library a dedicated enthusiast for American music, who is also a trained researcher and librarian, John Edmunds. Mr. Edmunds has, in addition to these marketable or fundable skills, the gift of a composer; he has been a prolific writer of songs and has arranged, by composing the continuo parts for solo piano, much song literature by Purcell, Alessandro Scarlatti, and other 17th and 18th century composers.

In July of this year Mr. Edmunds resigned from his position as Curator of the Americana Collection. In September he had printed *A General Report on the Americana Collection and its proposed development in the Lincoln Center for the Performing Arts*. The purpose of the *Report* was to discuss the programs of the Americana Collection and present suggestions and reasons for amplifying them. Concerning his resignation as Curator he writes only: "From my position as head of the Americana Col-

lection I resigned on July 1st of this year, being convinced that since no funds were available to implement even the most urgent phases of this development, I could be more useful to the cause of American music in another capacity.

Being like myself, a combative person and so on, and for the same reasons, Mr. Edmunds did not print his *Report* and send it around to lie on desks and be forgotten. He set to work writing all who had received a copy of the *Report* urging them to endorse his efforts for the improvement of the Americana Collection.

Not from him but more indirectly I had gathered information that the Americana Collection was about to be dispersed or inactivated and its materials distributed among the general possessions of the Library. To protest such action I began this article, going from there to discuss the substance of the *Report*. I sent a copy at once to the top officials of the Library and a copy to Mr. Edmunds, learning in reply from both that the situation as regards the Collection is not so serious as I had understood it to be.

The Americana Collection is not being dispersed or inactivated; its location in the Library remains unchanged, though it is being opened up to provide a passage between two other sections of the Library; a Curator will be appointed; its budget is somewhat larger than it was three years ago; and effort is continuing to obtain more funds to expand its projects.

The great loss is the Curator, both because of what he has done for American music as Curator and because of all that he stands for in the minds of those who are working for a broader awareness of American music. When such a man resigns because of conditions that operate to restrict what he is doing, those of us who know his record must presume that the conditions need to be altered. In this belief a sizeable body of American composers, scholars, critics, and interested persons has written to the Library protesting his resignation and asking that he be reinstated and some necessary adjustment be made to encourage and carry forward the work he has been doing. He has acted and spoken for the larger body of American musicians in every part of the country; from every part of the country they have responded and spoken in his support.

I shall now proceed with the remainder of the article substantially as it was written. All quotations are from the printed *Report* by John Edmunds.

When John Edmunds took over, the Americana Collection existed, fully established, widely known, and in use. "This collection, the only one of its kind in the world, is devoted exclusively to American music in all its aspects from the Colonial period to the present day." Its materials run from the *Bay Psalm Book* through innumerable sheets of the popular music of all periods to the most recent compositions of our still relatively unknown masters, criticism, scores, newspaper articles. A librarian might have been content to preside over this Collection, acquiring and cataloguing, answering inquiries, for there was more than ever to be done with it. Materials are still pouring in to the Collection from the unceasing activity of American musical life. To provide for the more routine duties of the Curator, Mr. Edmunds asked for additional clerical help and thus precipitated the disagreement which ended in his resignation.

He chose for himself to be more than a librarian, not to wait for the steady accretion of materials to the Collection but to go out and become an active participant in the musical activity around him, to bring the Collection out of its shelves and make it, too, actively participant in the expansion of American knowledge of American music. A composer, he went out to the composers, meeting and encouraging them, learning what they had done and what they had in mind to do, taking his place on the many committees established for them and by them. This is not library work; it is work the hardworking head of an American musical collection should do. Under his direction two selective bibliographies were assembled and printed, to bring together citations of writings by and about some twentieth century American composers. I had the good fortune to be invited to contribute the Introductory Essay for the first volume, Nicholas Slonimsky for the second. That splendid historian of American music Gilbert Chase wrote: "... you have succeeded in turning a Selective Bibliography into what is virtually a manifesto in defense of 'the value of values' in American musical composition!" Of course there may be librarians who decry the notion of a manifesto as unlibrarylike. (Copies may be obtained at

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This was but one of the many projects for the benefit of American music John Edmunds had in mind to carry forward. His *Report* lists and briefly discusses some of the other projects, several already in progress.

There was to be a series of tape recordings: American composers discussing the nature of the musical process in terms of their own work, reading from prepared texts, lecturing, talking, answering questions. While a composer is living we may not be interested in his opinions, especially if he is one whose work lies outside the current musical fashion; if his music will live, we had better hear from him while he is around. Read any history of American music: the meagerness of the quotations from the composers silently testifies to the fact that their opinions were seldom published. There was no market for their ideas. A music library exists to preserve these ideas, the immediate thinking of composers, at least as much as it exists to collect books written afterwards about them. By reaching out to acquire these tapes John Edmunds was thinking for posterity, gathering materials for the library of the future. He was also putting these materials to immediate use in the present. If the Library of Congress can accumulate recorded books of the lives of historic jazz musicians, surely another library can begin compiling like records of the lives of our composers.

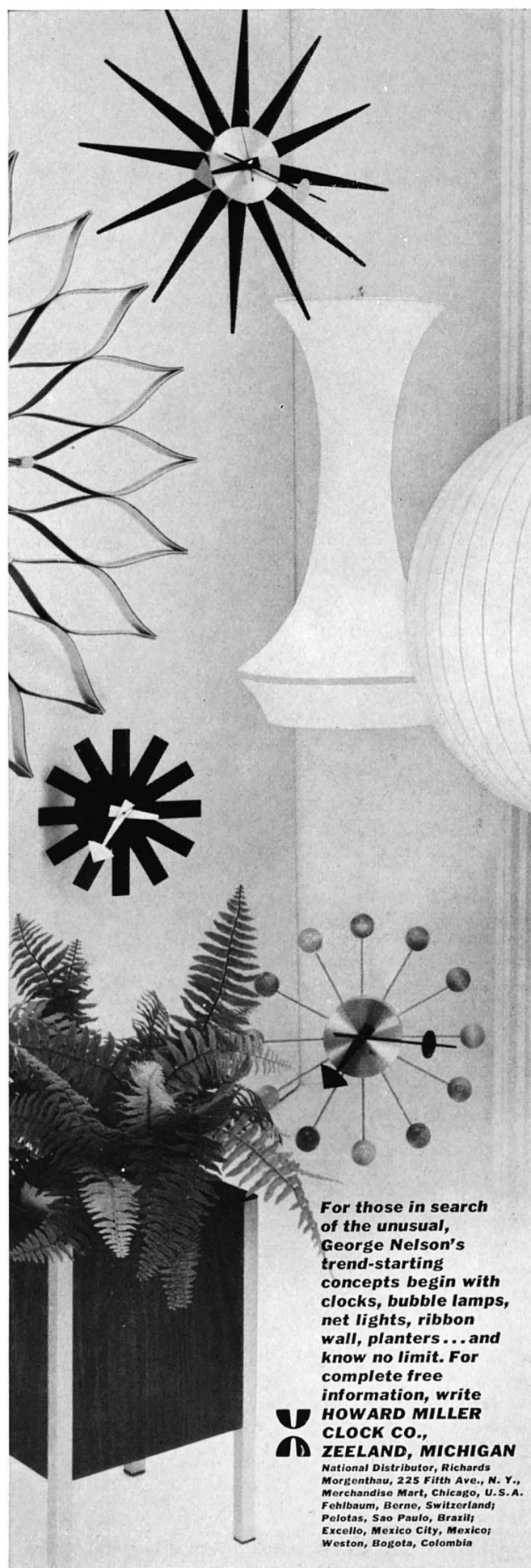
Not that the Americana Collection omits jazz. Three pages of the *Report* are given over to that subject. "The time is ripe, now, to establish here in New York a center for jazz studies. . . . Before setting up such a collection it is advisable to make an extensive study of jazz collections in the United States and abroad. . . . Several major European libraries have important collections, as do the libraries of the national radio broadcasting systems." In other words, the New York Public Library has not been keeping up with its competitors in this field; it is time to do so, and a plan for that purpose is set forth.

In 1928 the New York Library published a bibliography entitled *The Folk Music of the Western Hemisphere*, compiled by Julius Mattfeld. "Now, thirty-six years later . . . nothing less than a folksong reference and bibliography center, as a sub-section of the Americana Collection, would seem to be indicated. What is needed is not a national collection like the Archive of Folksong in the Library of Congress . . . but a more specialized library adapted to the needs and resources of New York City as an ethnic and cultural melting pot and as the capital of musical performance, broadcasting, and publishing."

That is to say, New York City, one of the world's chief musical capitals for more than sixty years, should become cognizant of its own folklore. We think too often of folk-music as emanating elsewhere, driven into the hills, rescued from illiterate singers in forgotten byways. Wrong! As Charles Ives abundantly demonstrated to the continuing embarrassment of European-biased connoisseurs, folk-music is forever passing by the door. "The increased use of folksong material in popular and art music, including the musical theater, and in recreation and education presents new problems and possibilities for experimentation. Not only as a melting pot, but as the home of the United Nations, New York City is exposed to international folksong influences and provides an exceptional opportunity for live comparative study." It seems to me that the reference to the United Nations misses the mark. There is folksong from all the world to be gathered in New York, because the people who sing it live there, and what they sing is changing, already a part of the American heritage that is too easily overlooked and quickly lost. In the field of folk-music what is to be preserved is, above all, "the people's music."

The Americana Collection had begun a collection of portraits of American composers, to be a specialized adjunct to the already existing Picture Collection of performers, historians, buildings, musical instruments indigenous to our culture or invented here. An eminent former curator, John Tasker Howard, had begun an extensive index of title pages—mostly colored lithographs—adorning 19th century sheet music. While a quick look around the interior of any store selling records and sheet music may soon convince a person of taste that the preservation of most of this gaudy decoration can serve no useful purpose, a selective collection is both needful and desirable. The monstrosities of one century lend charm to the imaginings of another century.

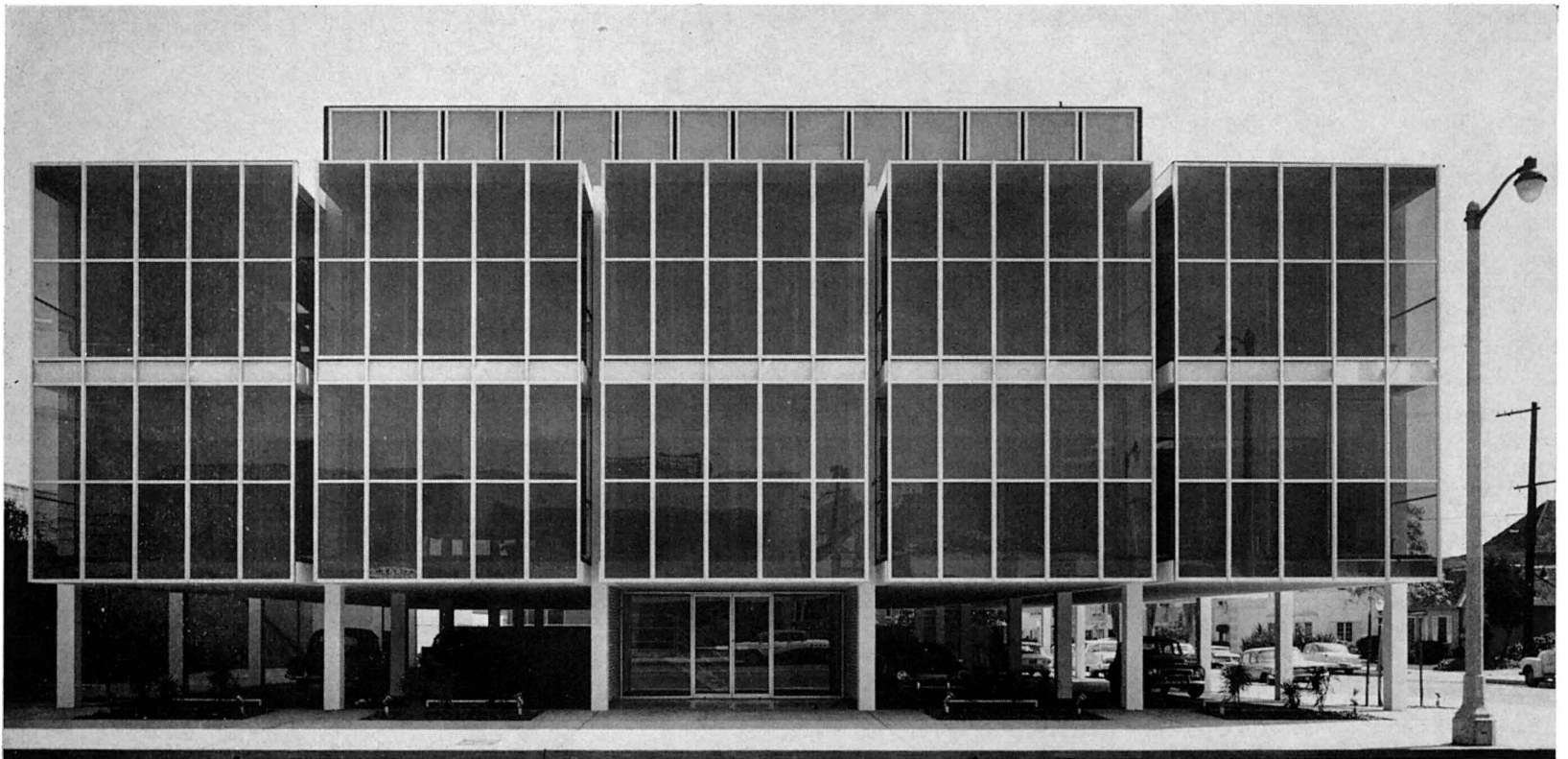
These are all genuine library projects, pertinent to the Ameri-



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cana Collection, solid and soundly based. A further series of projects is suggested, all bibliographies and surveys. I have already mentioned *Some 20th Century American Composers: a Selective Bibliography*, listing writings by and about thirty-two composers, all except Charles Ives living at the time of publication, a valuable guide to contemporary music criticism. Ten provisional titles had been planned, to be brought out at the rate of two a year, among them *A Critical Introduction to American Song*; a bibliography of doctoral dissertations on American music; a critical guide to Musical Comedy; and an annual report of Festivals that include a substantial representation of American music; each with a bibliography. Following the lead of several European countries, a *Survey of Composers' Associations, American and Foreign* would be prepared, "to help serious professional composers in publishing and disseminating their works, to foster performances at home and abroad." I have received pamphlets of this sort from Holland and Scandinavia; I am aware how these countries are publicizing the work of their composers and musical organizations. Knowing the name of a composer or a musical organization helps to break through the barrier habit and ignorance set up against the living work of music.

Besides these essentially literary projects, the real work of a major music library, John Edmunds has projected continuing series of concerts and lectures devoted to American music—and again, only those who have some slight knowledge of the field can judge how scandalously American music has been neglected in its own country, and with what satisfied complacency. What do you know of the works of Carl Ruggles or Conlon Nancarrow or John Antes or of the true American folksong as it was sung before the popularizers came along to sweeten it to common pitches, adulterate it with common harmony? We have already lost the true character and nature of the Negro spirituals.

Perhaps more important, because reaching out to a much larger audience, is the project to make available taped concerts of music not yet generally or readily to be heard. To set up such a project it will be necessary to convince the Musicians Union that a sales program for American composers will not reduce

but materially increase the demand for live programs of such music. To circumvent this unwise resistance contemporary American music is being recorded abroad, in Vienna and Tokyo, by musicians who play our music as a foreign language.

Like the apologists for a higher tariff who believed that by cutting America off from the rest of the world's commerce we could preserve our markets, keep up production and sell without buying; like any group of executives faced with a changing and declining market; the executives of the Musicians Union have determined to defend the status quo rather than risk leadership. They will exchange small subsidies for the votes of the growing body of unemployed musicians, and to increase the fatality of unemployment they will encourage no musical activity but spitefully abuse those who for business or duty try to keep some musical activity alive. I have written of this before.

Yet someone somehow must break through to awaken the interest of these officials, to persuade them that the business of a musician is to make music, and the more music is made the more musicians will be at work, and the more musicians are at work the more there will be demand for their services. I am not convinced that the playing of tapes and records keeps musicians out of work—not so convinced at least as I am that the making of tapes and records and sound tracks abroad that could be made at home is keeping American musicians out of work. As we have learned before, a tariff will not prevent the importation, but a better product made at home will drive the import away. Germany, Italy, and France have learned the answer and are thriving. I believe the Musicians Union is able to restore performing primacy to this country. I suspect it is coming here anywhere, if only because of the quantity and efficiency of our musical education.

Meanwhile our young singers sing in German opera companies that exist in every major city, and our young instrumentalists try to go abroad and stay abroad, to be independent if they cannot make a fortune. If the young artist is very good, he may stay at home, where the concert impresario, the record company, and other agencies of the music business will exploit him for everything they can get out of him; but they will not

help him, nor will the Musicians Union defend him from such exploitation.

In America we have to keep creative music going, in spite of the music industry, in spite of the Musicians Union, in spite of the built-in conservatism of the universities, in spite I may as well put in here of the Foundations which spill money like water without studying the values of well-planned irrigation. Just as the traditional patron was surrounded by courtiers who sopped up more of his gifts and money than a Mozart knew how to, so the Foundations are not merely surrounded by but made up of committees of courtiers who disperse the funds. And some who set up Foundations in their own name believe that they, and not their money, are to be received with halleluias. The great patron is the one who finds the right purpose for his money and keeps himself in the background.

A committee of American librarians has created an organization, known at first as the American Recording Project and now as the American Music History Project—I am suspicious of the change of title; I read it as meaning more literature and less recording—to record a representative sample of several hundred sides of music by American composers of all periods including the present. Some of this music is already on records but unobtainable; much more is to be recorded. Wouldn't you believe the Musicians Union would rush to encourage such a project! If this project can be accomplished, it will be possible at long last for Americans to hear for themselves some part of the music, written between the founding of this country and the present, of which the history of American music consists. American music will be then something more than a scholarly rumor.

These librarians include some fighting men. This year the International Musicological Congress came for the first time to America. An agenda of 60 meetings was set up, of which one meeting was assigned to American music. When this scandalous agenda appeared, several of the fighting librarians joined several of the fighting American musicologists to protest. It was eventually agreed that all of the programs of live music to be given incidentally to the Congress would be devoted to American music. Even this was reduced to a pair of concerts.

That is an example of the reason why American scholars and librarians, some of them, the aggressive ones, those who find it absurd that American music should be still unknown and unrecognized in its own country, have come to believe they must do more than sit behind their desks and administer. You could not believe until you are in the middle of the fight how fiercely, with what moral conviction of the superiority of all other music, preferably made by dead generations, the larger body of American musical scholarship, editors, musicians, and even American composers resists any action that may be taken for the advantage of American music and any propaganda in its favor. Among those who have worked hardest to overcome or break through this beatified complacency is John Edmunds. The best way to remove such a man from a position in which he exerts influence is to require that he either tie himself down to routine duties or quit. Believe me, there are still many in this world who cannot accept the facts of evolution in the arts any more than in the species.

In his report John Edmunds recommended more awards and more commissions for composers, with this comment: "It would be hard to find a better model for a commissioning program than that of the series financed by the Elisabeth Sprague Coolidge Endowment at the Library of Congress. Composers are chosen with discrimination; performers are always of unmistakable distinction; and the concerts themselves are notable events in the musical life of the Capital." This sentence has to be read decrescendo. You and I are seldom around to share the musical life of the Capital. During the lifetime of Mrs. Coolidge the awards were administered with distinction, because she administered them. They were made to composers, American and foreign, who deserved them. The concerts were not restricted to the Capital but were placed in universities in every major city throughout the nation. The awards created compositions that have lasted; the concerts sent live musicians traveling through the country to play these compositions in addition to the complete classical repertoire. Mrs. Coolidge herself traveled back and forth across the continent to keep an eye on what was being done. Mrs. Coolidge was aware that the need of music involves the entire country, that an appetite for better music must be

created and fed, it cannot subsist on what is heard and done in Washington and New York. Under her direction there was a personal responsibility for every action. The courtiers were kept in their places; the genuine composers were sought out and had access to the giver; no committees vitiated and impersonalized the usefulness of Mrs. Coolidge's decisive generosity. Advanced composers were given equal opportunity, whatever Mrs. Coolidge may have felt privately about their compositions.

"The Americana Collection," I read again, "has a well established policy of cooperation with extra-mural organizations such as the Composers' Forum, the Music Library Association, the American Music Center, and the National Association for American Composers and Conductors. The New York Library's Donnell Auditorium is made available for the Composers' Forum concerts and the Library also provides certain administrative and clerical help in handling the scores and presenting the concerts. With the Music Library Association we have taken part in planning the American Recordings Project Committee's *History of American Music* and continue to cooperate closely with the national Association for American Composers and Conductors, since the head of the Collection is the Librarian of that organization as well as being a member of its Executive Committee. Cooperation with the American Music Center has taken the form of helping to frame its policies and projects."

For all their national implications, these are primarily New York groups. When John Edmunds appeared a new national urgency was imparted to these rather placid organizations, though I am sure he alone is not responsible for the change of pace. He represents a new generation and a new attitude in that generation that has other strong spokesmen besides himself. But by displacing him from his central position a powerful force for American music has been suppressed. One can only say again, wondering whether one will be overheard from so great distance, that his loss is our loss. Perhaps he should not have resigned. Possibly he should have accepted what seemed to him a limitation of his activities and continued to do as much good as he was able. I do not know the details of the internal struggle, and I shall not decide what he should have done. But

(Continued on page 34)

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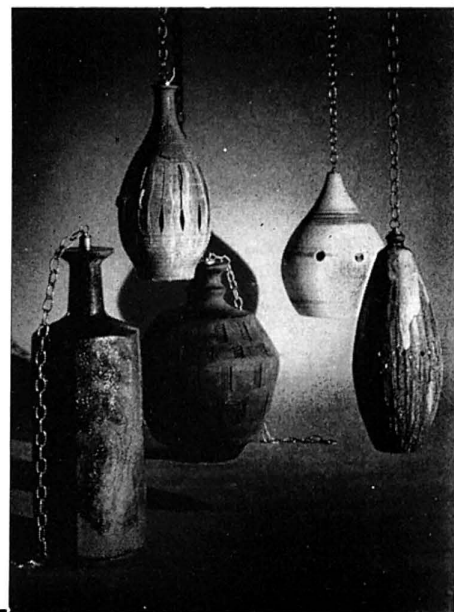
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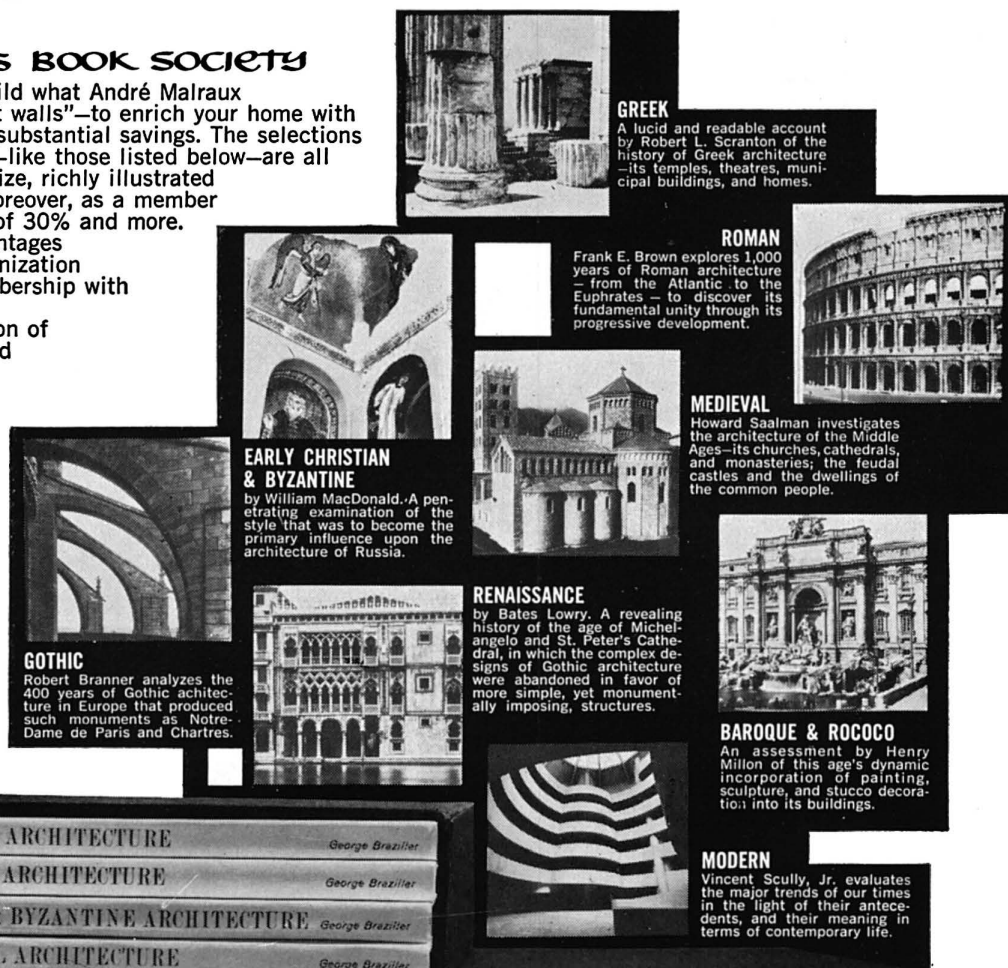
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The cult of individualism appears to be the obverse side of an all-obliterating conformism. The cure would thus seem as dangerous as the disease: but fortunately it is not the only way out. The maintenance of individual freedom and the preservation of social cohesion must go hand in hand; and as Bertrand Russell has pointed out upon the resolution of this paradox depends the future of mankind. Healthy individualism can flourish only in an environment of mutual compatibility and co-operation. "Co-operation is the only technique of intellectual and moral progress and it is a technique which implies collaboration and not direction; freedom of initiative, not the impress of authority."

Fortunately, on the very brink of disaster, man is at last making valiant efforts at co-operation, conscious efforts to achieve an integration which must counteract the innate tendencies towards fragmentation. Arising out of man's intellectual concept of the need for communication and co-operation are the cost of new rationalizing forces, new welding agencies.

"Science in a sense has been the angel with a sword," writes Kepes, "evicting us from the smaller, friendlier world in which we once moved with a confidence born of familiarity, and plunging us into a bigger alien world where our unaccustomed sensibilities are forced to cope with a formidable new scale of events. The responsibility is being laid on us of coming to emotional terms with the new horizons, under pain of the blackest self-punishment. Our age, no less than any other, needs to find a consistent orientation to harmonize its inner and outer vistas. But we are trapped by a crisis of scale." A consistent orientation which harmonizes inner and outer vistas: this is the solution as Kepes sees it. In a sense it is the classic solution, the unity of the microcosm and the macrocosm expounded by the Greek philosophers as the small-scale polis-based civilization was transmuted by Hellenistic expansion; and expounded once more by the Renaissance humanists in the face of their own crisis of scale which destroyed the confined world of medieval dogmatism for ever.

In the 20th century man turns again to the classic solution and seeks a total philosophy embracing the unity of part and whole. These philosophies, such as Smuts's "holism" and Whitehead's "organism," are concerned with "the plurality and unity of the universe; the reciprocal relationship of part to whole; the inter-dependence of form, structure, and purpose; the external relationship of organisms; the concept of change; the ideal of continuity; and the fundamental creative character of the

organic process. . . ." They are expressive of currents of thought which have permeated the outlook of our time and may be seen in fields as diverse as psychology, sociology and architecture.

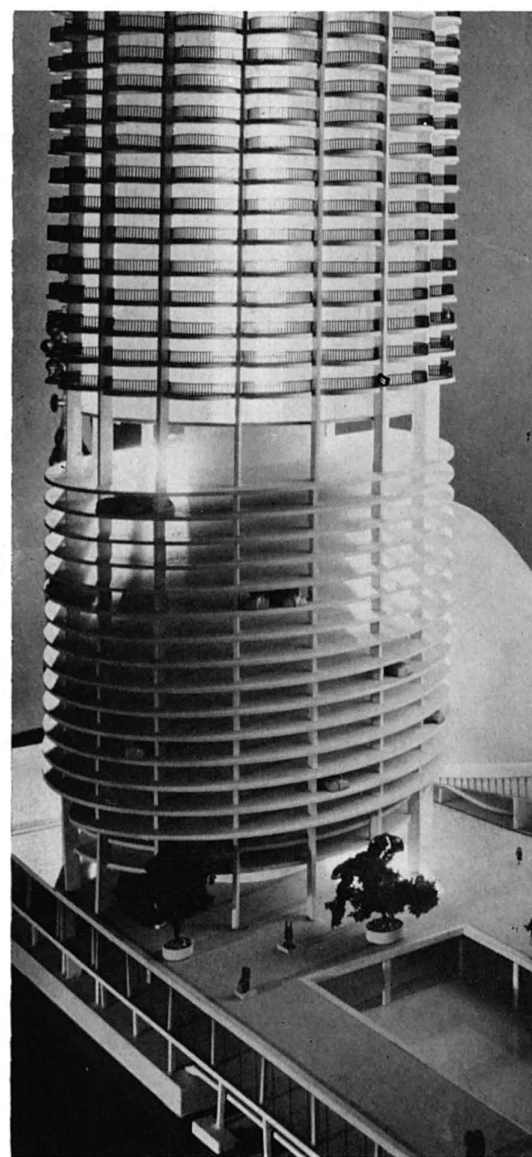
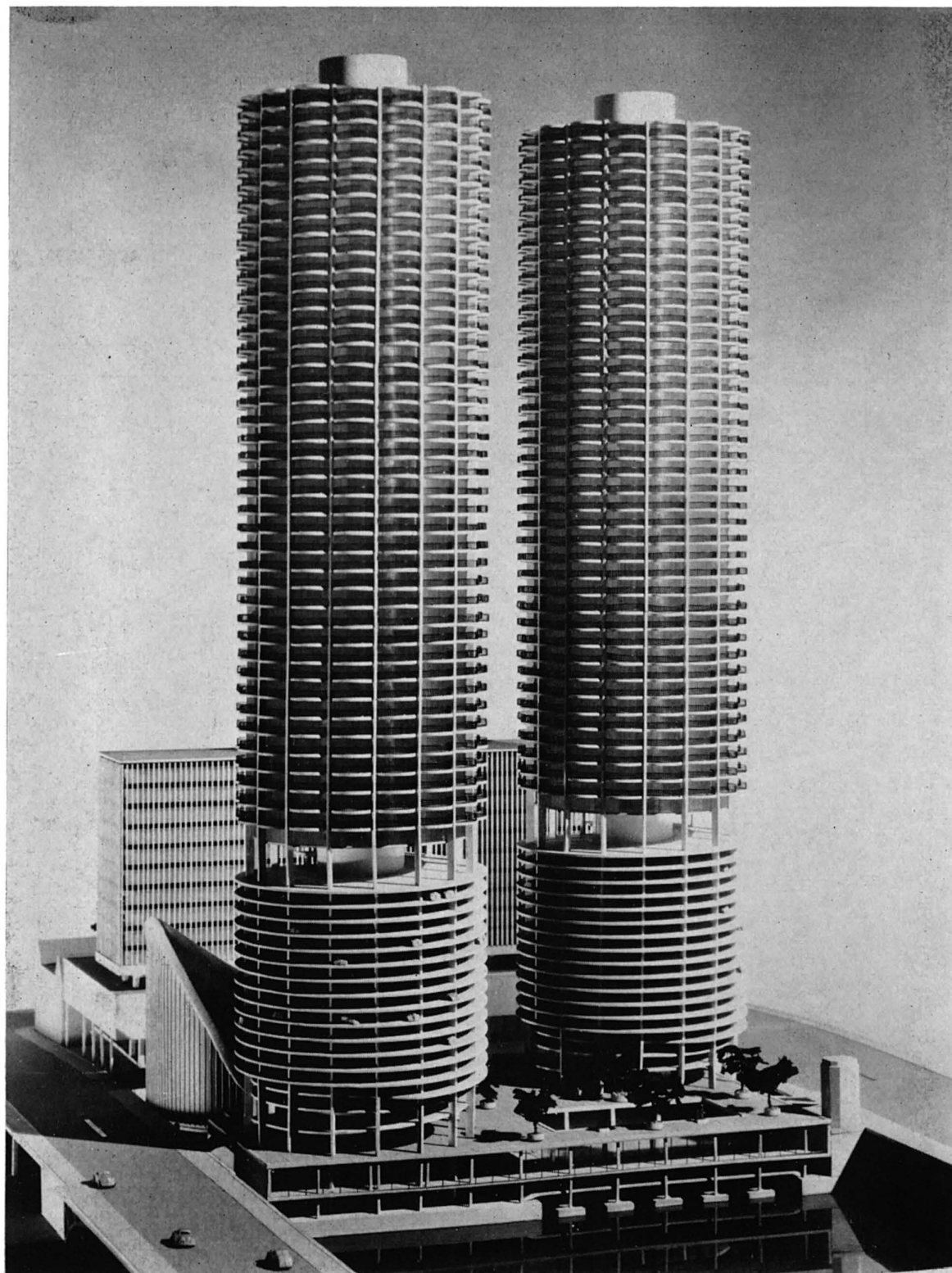
It is interesting, and significant, that architects have been in the forefront of the struggle to establish a unity out of the apparent chaos of the universe. This is not a myth, self-created by architects, but a fact understood on a wide basis. "I speak to you," said Dr. Robert Oppenheimer in an address to the convention of the AIA, "in appreciation of the role which the architect has always and historically had, with which you live, of bringing to these lesions (of our society) a helpful and healing and creative hand."

What we are seeking here is the concept of a comprehensive vision, not in any totalitarian sense of a dogmatic absolutism; not in the sense of a compulsive Fascist party line aesthetic; not in the sense of a society coerced by pressure, fear, and the impact of mass media of propaganda: but the comprehensive vision which arises out of the practice and techniques of voluntary co-operation, and is informed by a general compatibility of intention deriving from community of purpose. To a degree at least this was the integrated vision of the natural cohesive societies of tribalism, the Greek polis, the medieval town, and the early Renaissance commune.

It seems, however, that such natural cohesion is no longer a reality, and that, in terms of the complexity and diversification of modern life, such a natural spontaneous unification and cohesion cannot be expected. There is no easy road to unity, not even through the dominant factor of 20th-century industrial civilization, its technological base. It might be thought that a unified aesthetic could be achieved through the pressure of the economics of production, industrial techniques, universality of building materials, and the possibility of artificial environmental control. The ubiquity of the curtain wall would appear to support this contention. However, in modern industrial techniques lie the seeds which generate a wilful infinity of form. Modern technology which gives us the uniformity of the curtain wall also gives us the shells and folded slabs, the hyperbolic paraboloids, the united amoebas, the catenary structures, the mushroom houses, the geodesics, the space frames, and the discontinuous compression systems. "Unlike Leonardo and Piranesi contemporary architects are not inhibited by technological restrictions. Even their most outrageous architectural phantasies are usually technically possible."

The more we know about the universe the

(Continued on page 34)



MARINA CITY

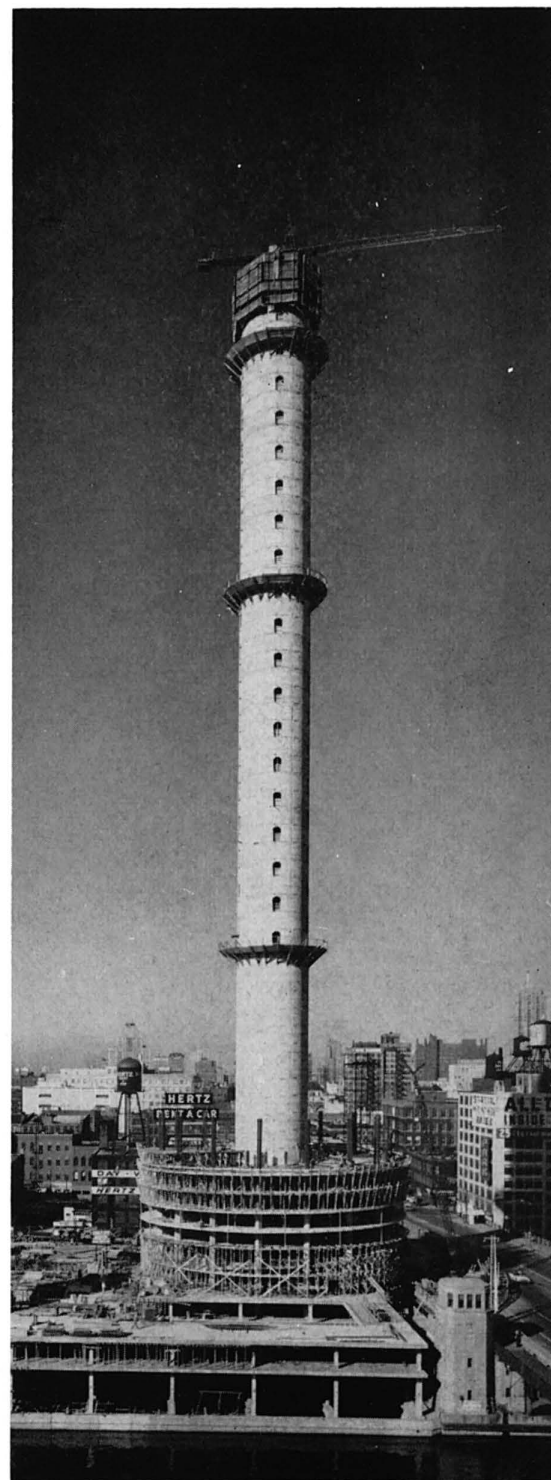
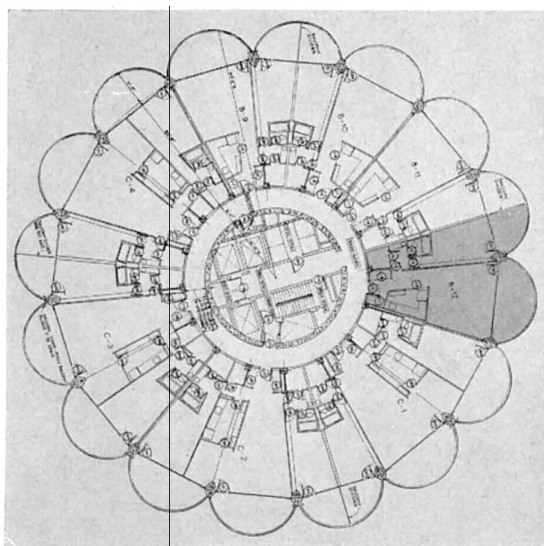
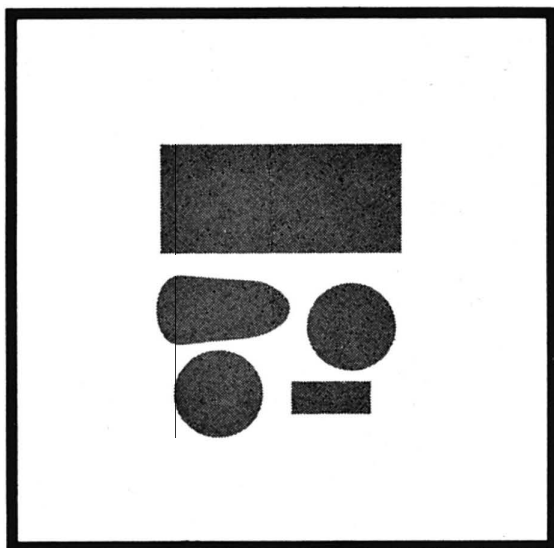
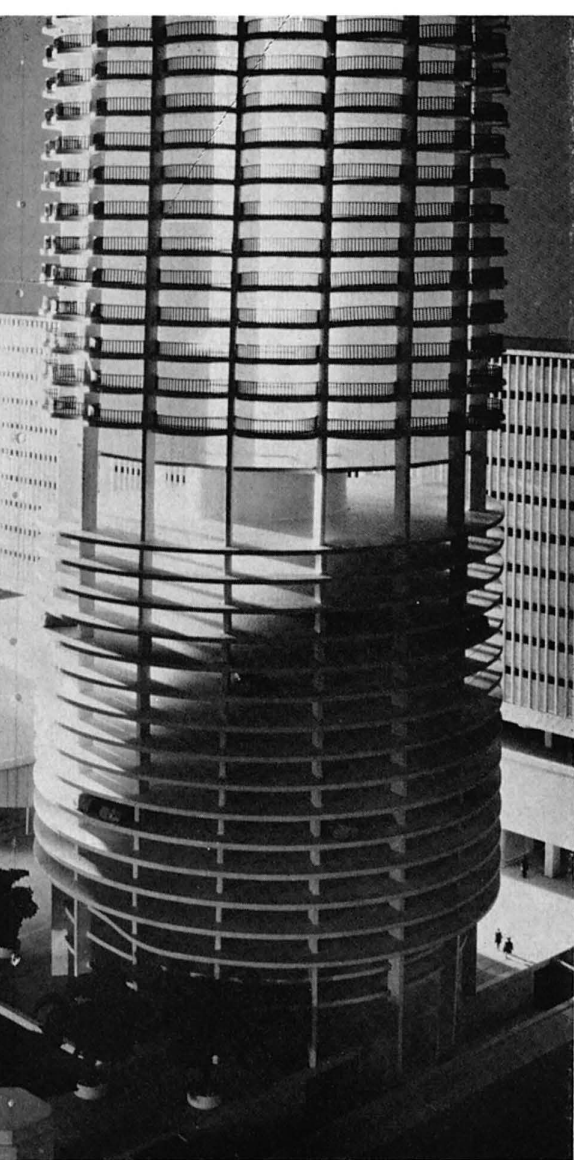
Marina City, located on a 3.1 acre lot on the north bank of the Chicago river, occupies an area just north of the Chicago "Loop" that was known as Block No. 1 in the original town of Chicago. A city within a city, it represents not only an important advance in architecture and concrete engineering but also a new concept in urban living. The social and economic erosion of the downtown centers is a national problem. Marina City points the way to positive solutions of the problem. It is designed to return the essential activities of modern man—work, home, recreation—to a closer, natural association. Dominated by two circular, 60-story apartment towers, it is planned as a 24-hour-a-day city with a wide range of commercial and recreational facilities.

The entire complex includes 896 apartment units (256 efficiency apartments, 576 one-bedroom apartments, and 64 two-bedroom apartments) each room with a private balcony, ramp storage space for 896 cars; 180,000 square feet of commercial space in a 10-floor office building and penthouse; a marina with slips to accommodate 700 boats; year-around swimming and ice-skating; a health club and gymnasium; 54 lanes for bowling; a 1700-seat, 14-story high theater and auditorium building; a plaza for

shops and parks; and 12,000 square feet of auditorium space.

The apartment towers will reach 588 feet with all the service facilities below the 20th floor and the apartments from the 21st to the 60th floor above the city noise and dirt. At the apartment level the towers will be 105 feet in diameter, with the core having an inside diameter of 32 feet. From this rigid core, containing all of the utility components, the apartments radiate in an efficient flower petal plan which places bathrooms and kitchens close to the core. The living areas extend to the periphery of the space development where they combine interior privacy with a 210-degree view from the private balcony of each apartment.

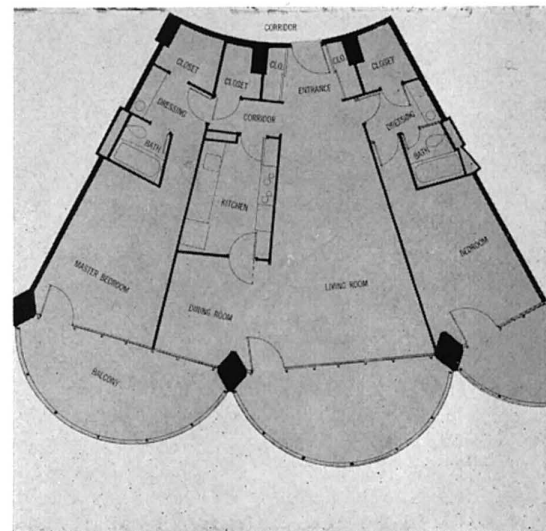
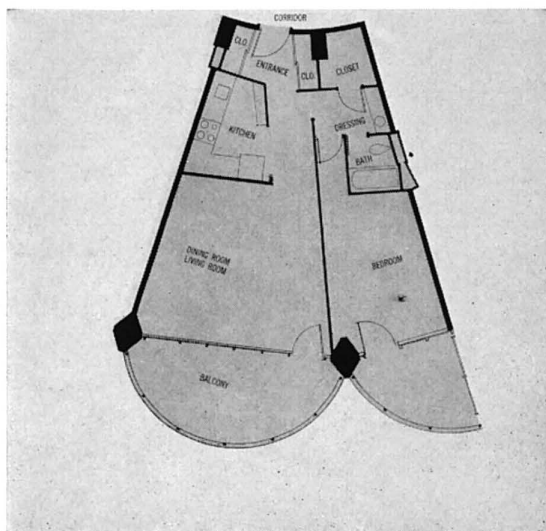
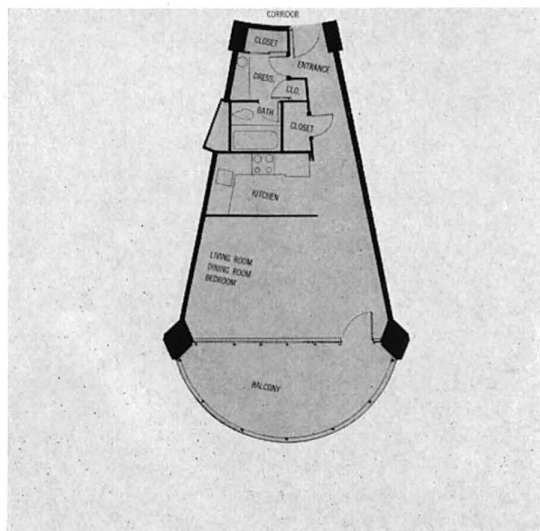
Marina City is being built of reinforced concrete. For casting concrete plastic forms are being used. They are especially suitable for the circular twin towers because of their flexibility for molding into any shape. They also give surface control and produce a final finish for the concrete. The central core, supporting columns and apartment floors tiers are cast with plastic forms. Average space between floors is 8' 6", less than in most apartment dwellings, primarily because electric heating, which does not require added space for ducts, will be employed.

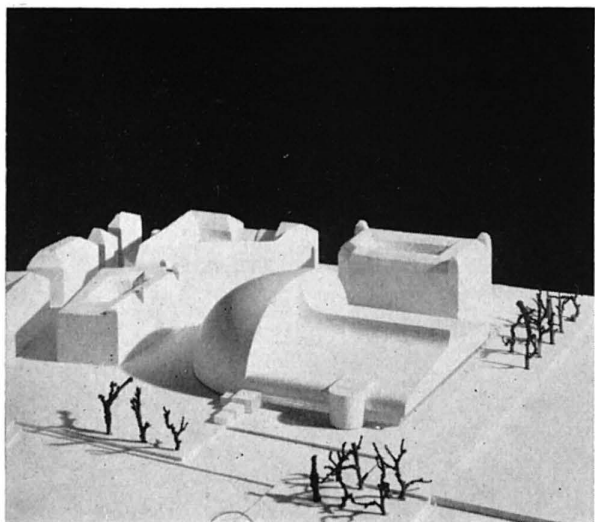
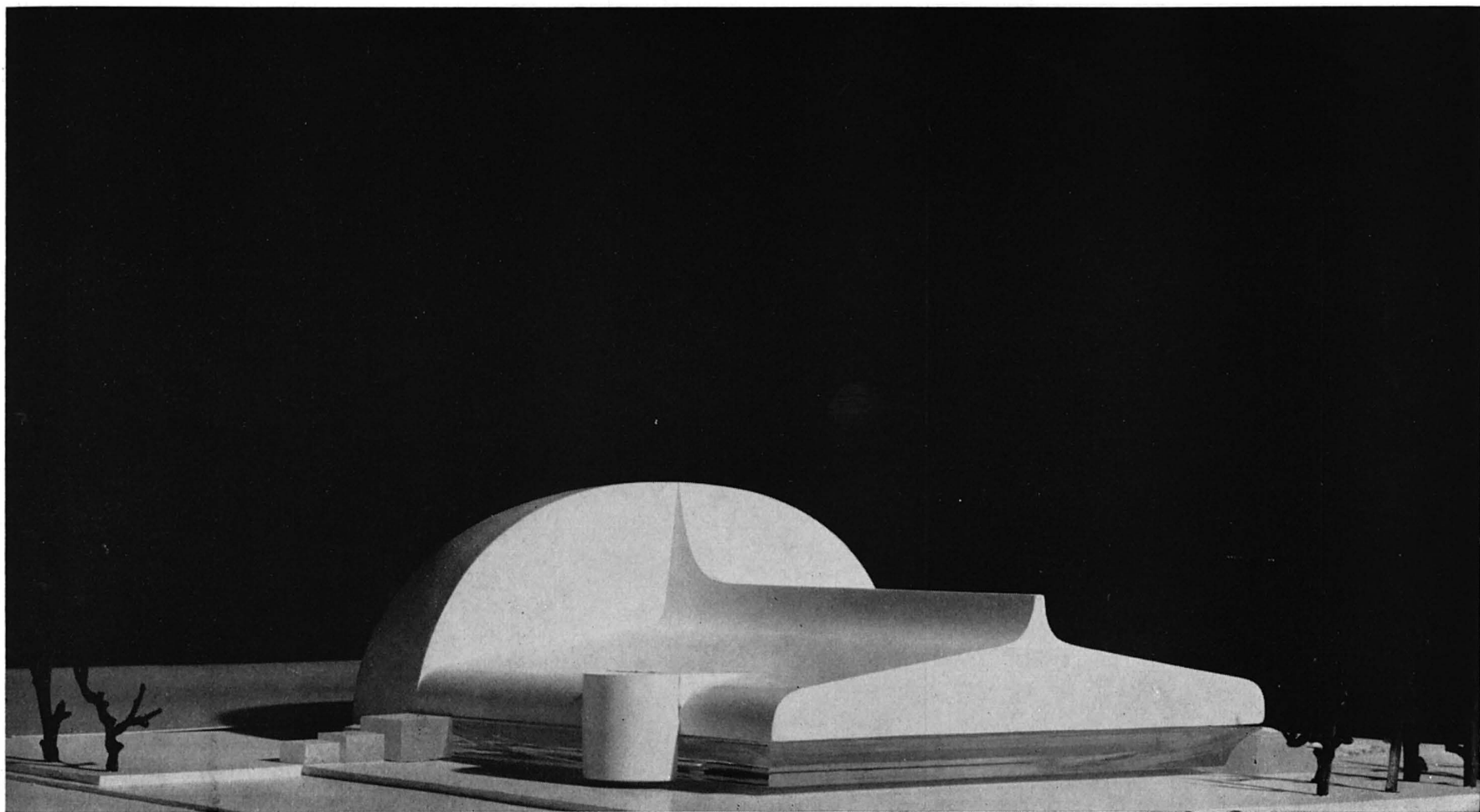


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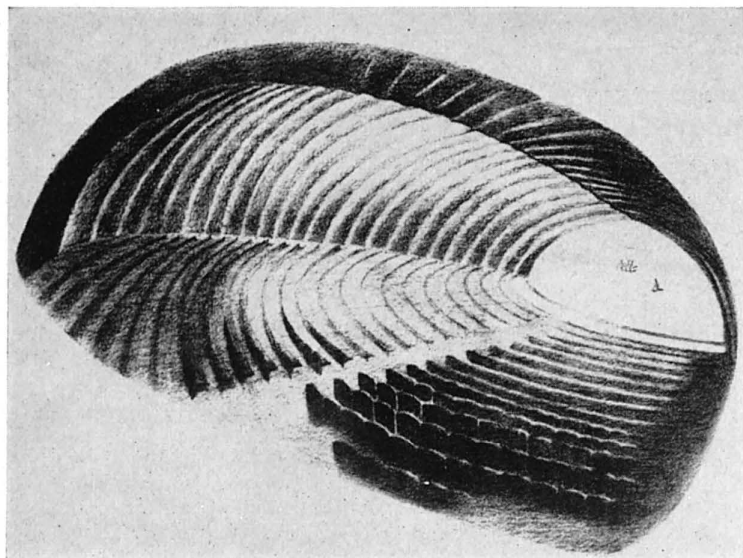
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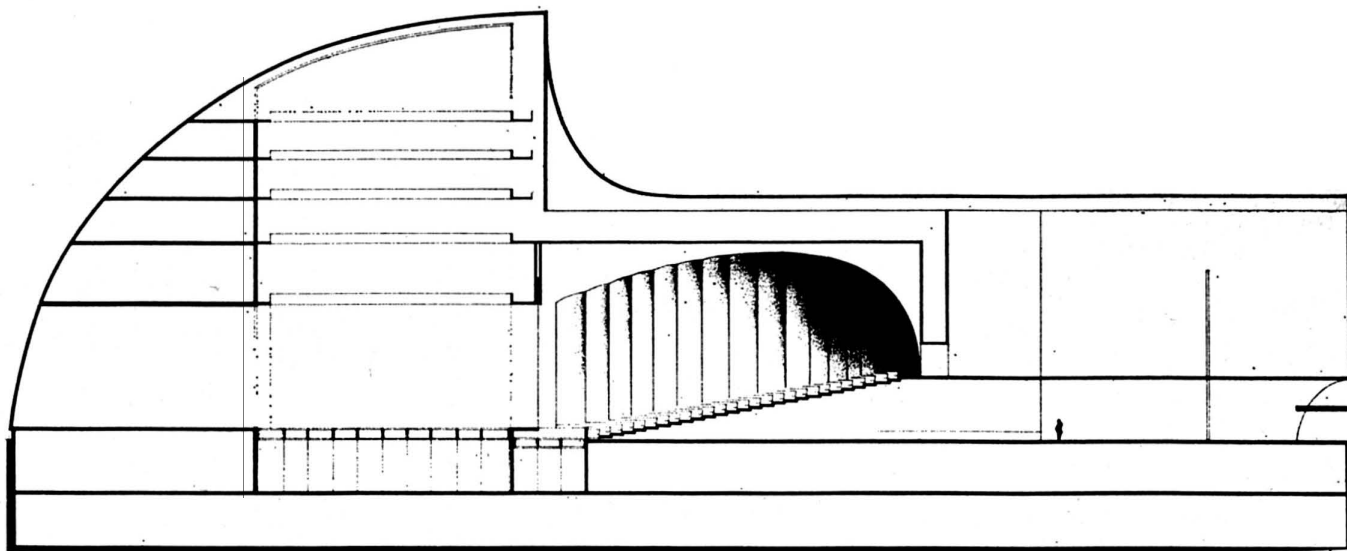
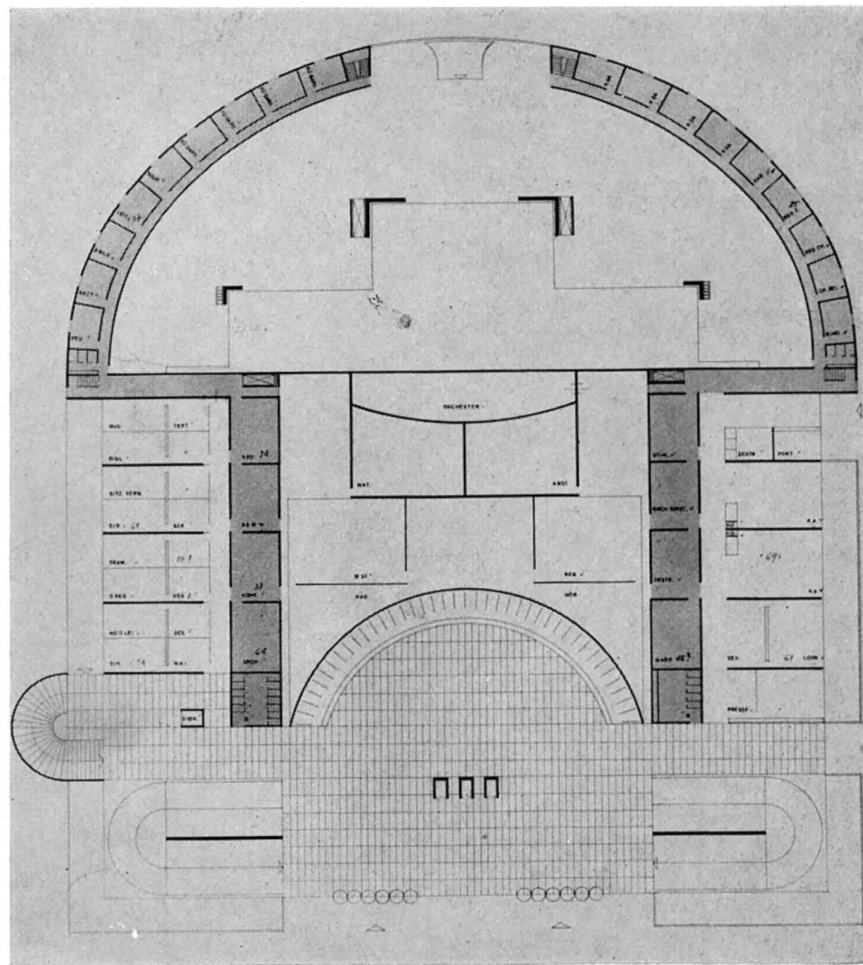
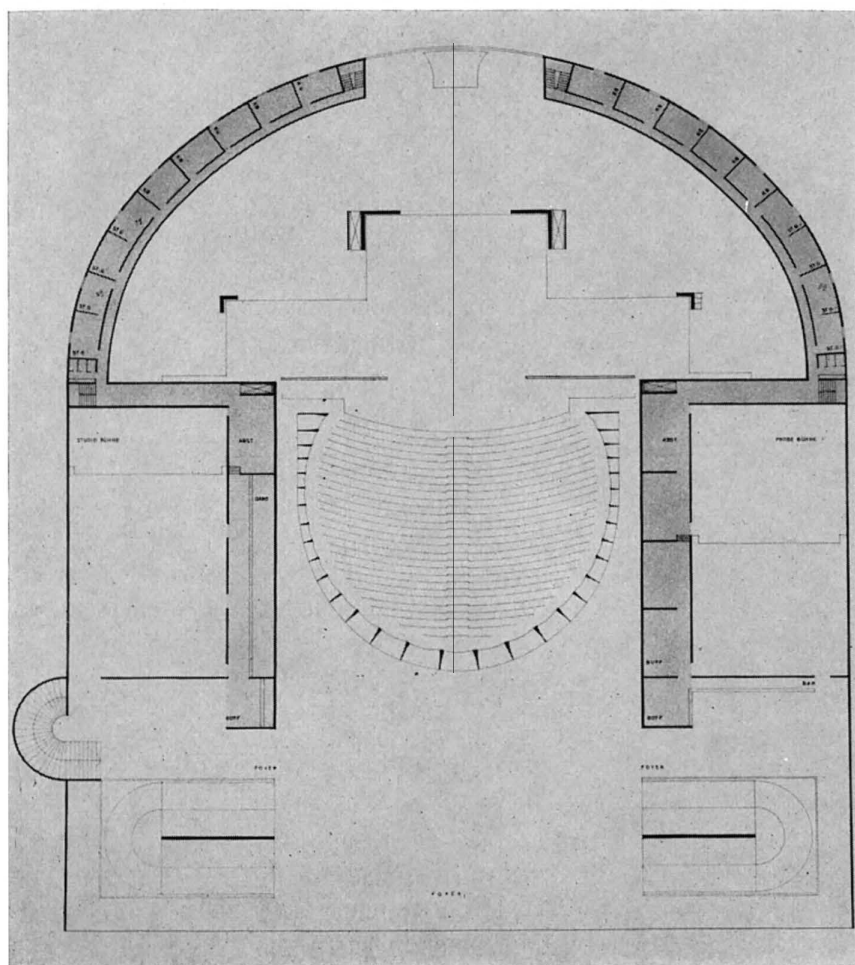


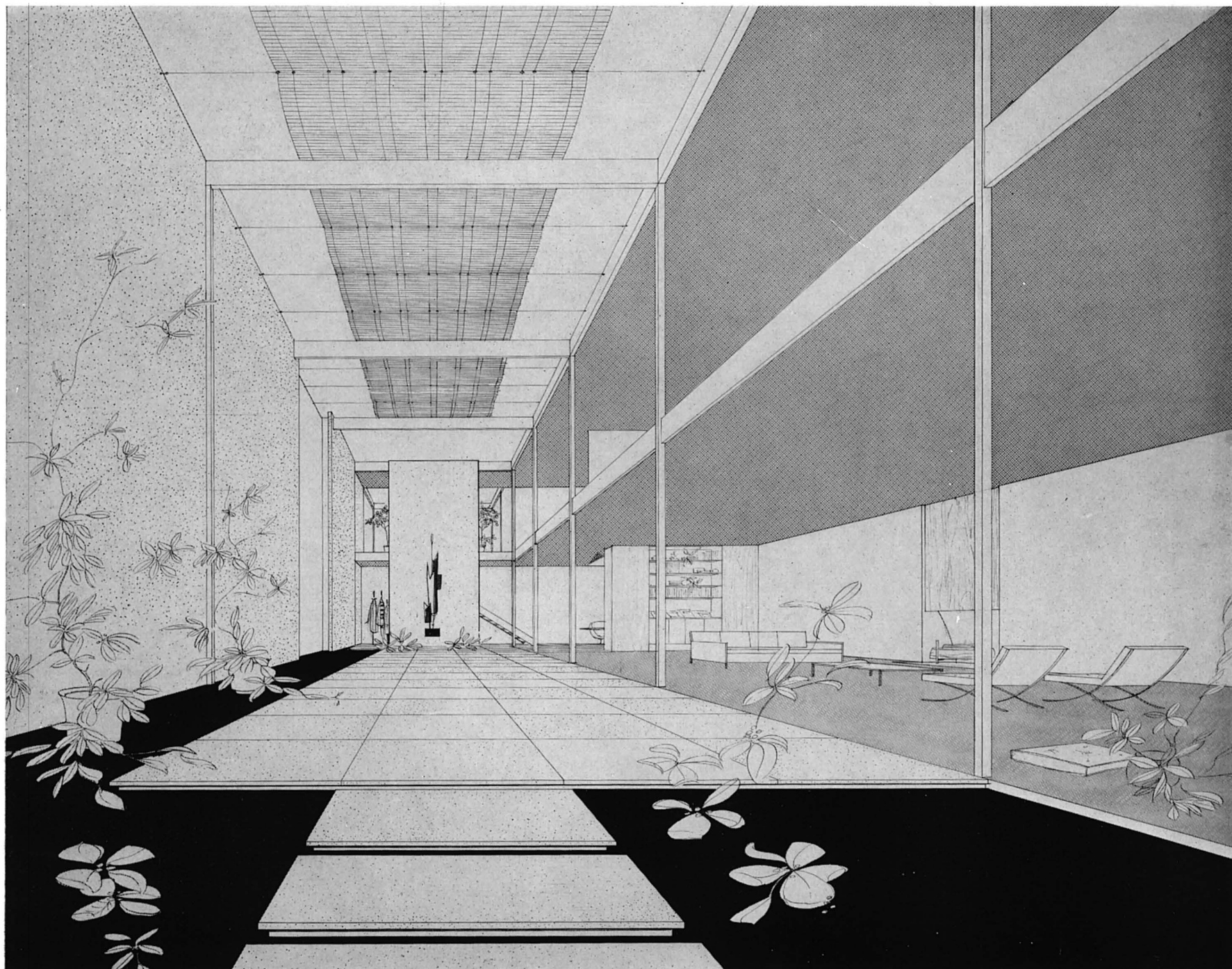
THEATER PROJECT BY WERNER MUELLER, ARCHITECT



The program of the competition for a new opera house in Zurich, Switzerland, called for the designing of a theater seating 1400 with the necessary additional entrance foyers, administration and production offices, dressing rooms for musicians, artists, and technical personnel, workshops, wardrobe, rest rooms, spaces for rehearsals, and all mechanical installations necessary to the functioning of an opera house. An underground garage was also one of the requirements.

In this project, the architect thought of a central wedge, a thin concrete shell in the form of an upturned ship, in which the mechanical core is located: air conditioning, lighting, heating, radio and television, etc. The theater itself, with its circular stage, is set in the center of the complex. It has a ribbed spherical shape with the entrances to the rows of seats at the base of each rib. These ribs are of white prefabricated light elements, covered with a thin gold foil. The seats are upholstered with red velvet. As dictated by the program the two-floor basement contains a garage with space for 500 cars.





ARTS & ARCHITECTURE'S CASE STUDY HOUSE NO. 25

BY KILLINGSWORTH, BRADY, SMITH AND ASSOCIATES, ARCHITECTS

The new project is located in the Naples area of Long Beach, California. This section of the city was developed in the early 1920s into a series of canals and bays, providing highly desirable small building sites located on the water. The general character of the area is of one and two-story single family residences of varying styles and materials.

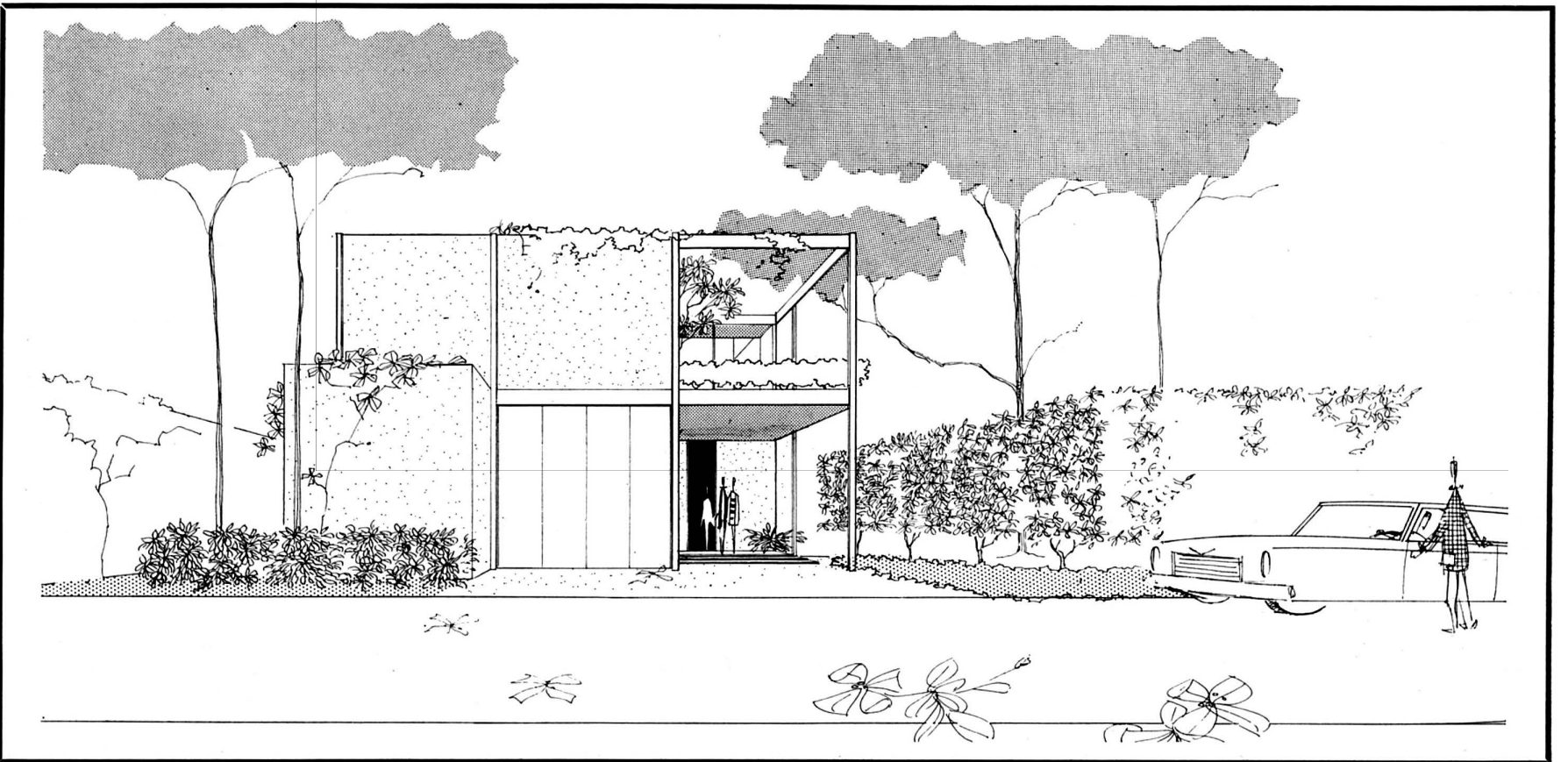
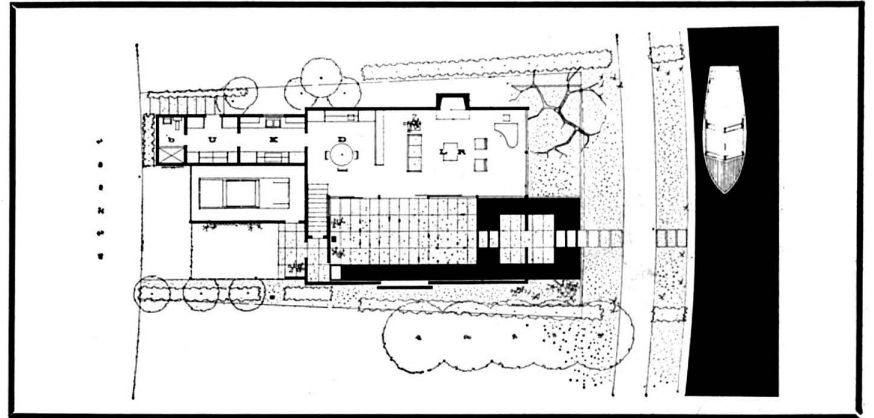
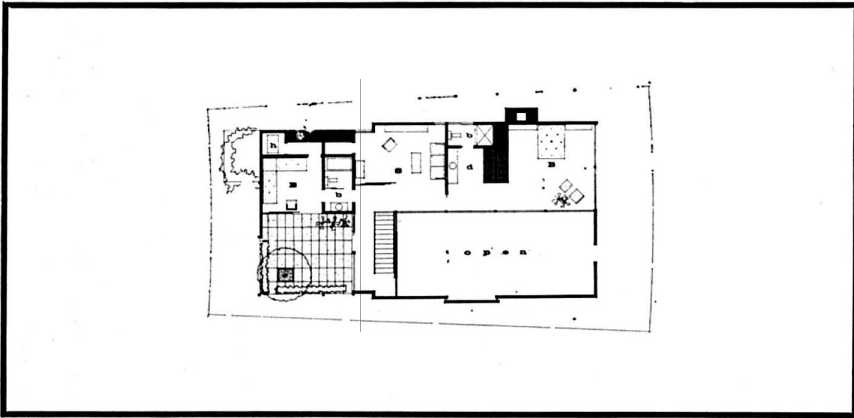
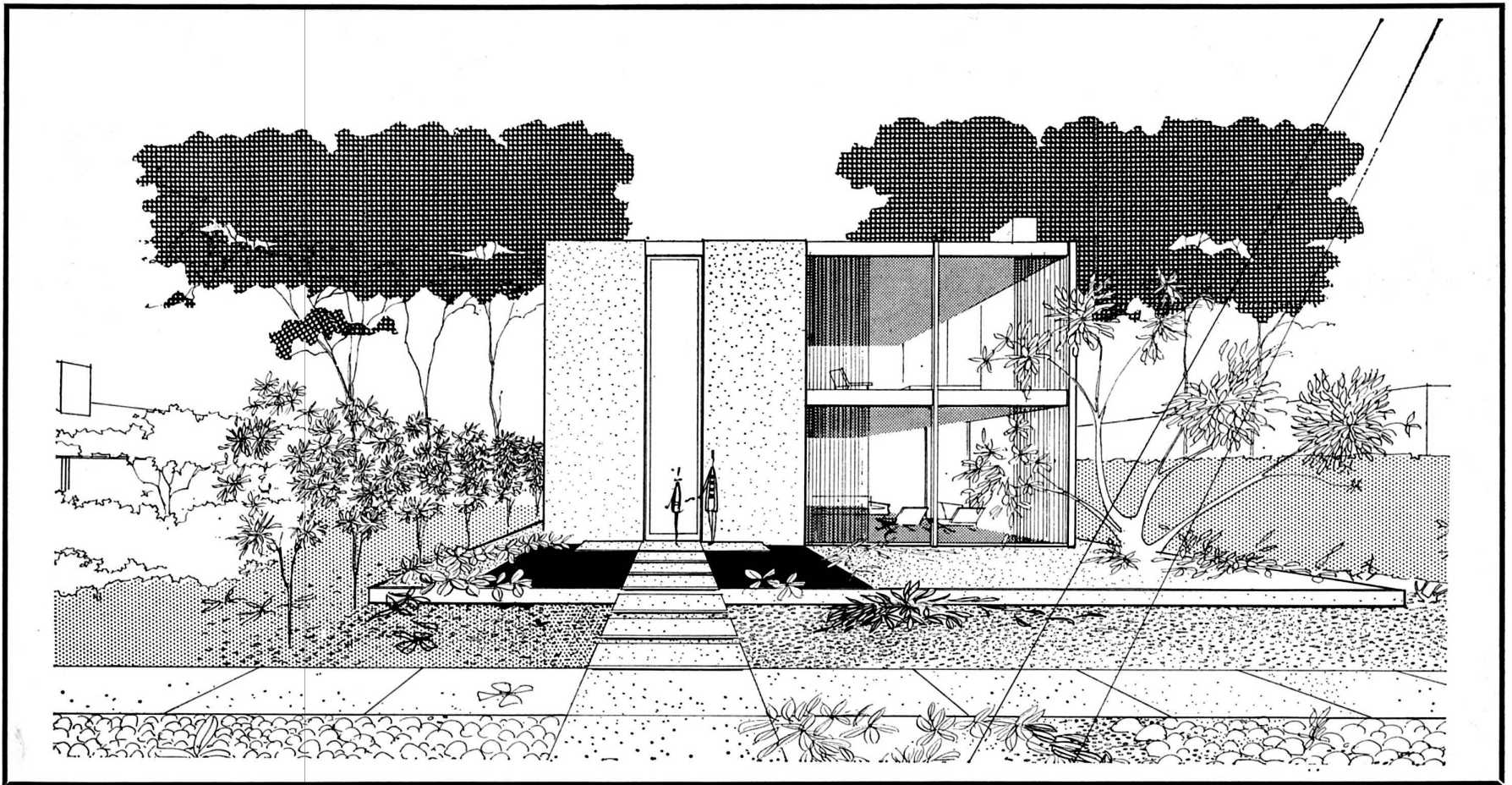
The site selected for the Case Study House is on Rivo Alto Canal, a 40'-0" waterway connecting with Alamitos Bay and the Pacific Ocean. The small lot varies in width from 45'-0" at the canal side to 37'-0" at Naples Lane, which provides automobile access. The total depth of the property is 80'-0". There is a 10'-0" setback on the canal side; 4'-0" side-yard setback and a 9'-0" setback to the garage face on the street side. This is necessary to provide turning radius into the garage. These setbacks reduce the small site to an available building area of 32'-0" x 61'-0". To accommodate the splay of the property, the last 20'-0" of the 61'-0" has been pinched in on either side. Also the bath in the utility portion of the house was allowed to project nearer the street side than the required setback of the garage.

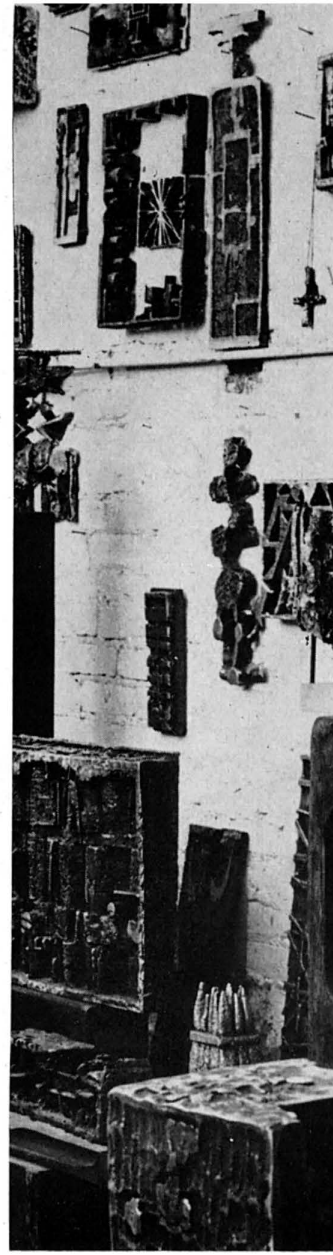
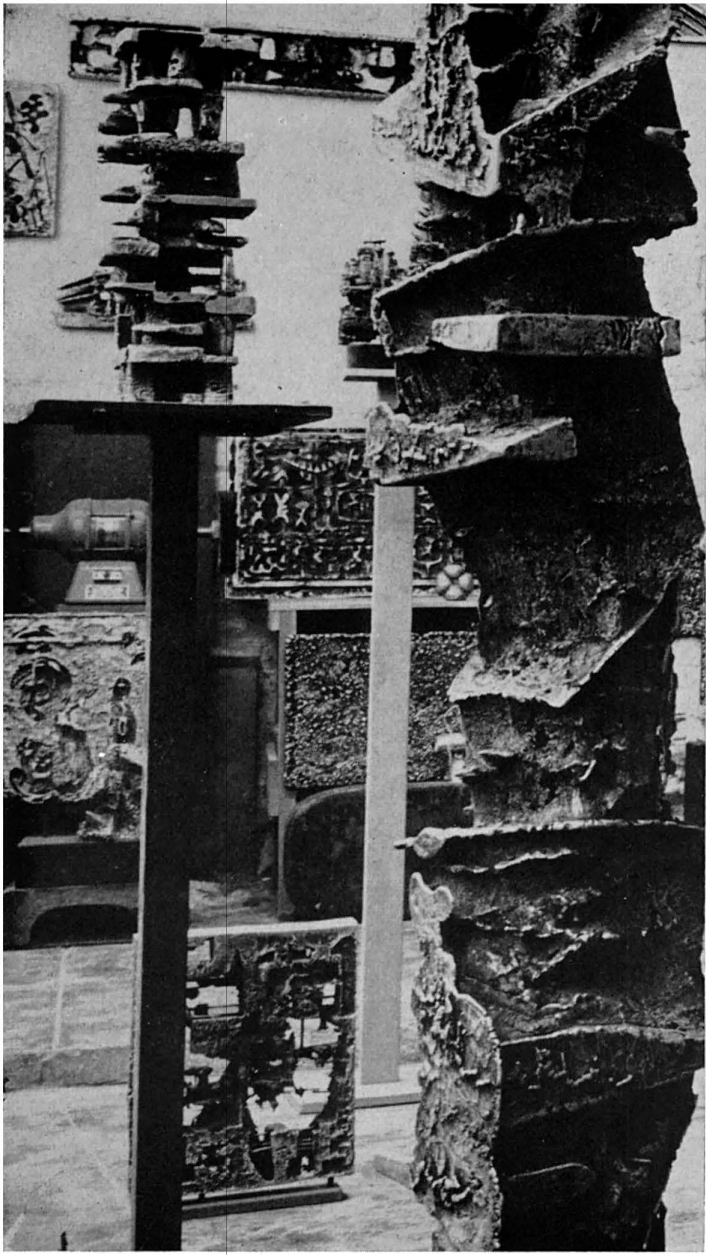
Owner of the project is a bachelor who travels extensively and is a boating enthusiast. However, the project was designed to house a typical family

with privacy, yet providing ample space for entertaining both formal and informal gatherings. He also asked that the living room and master bedroom be located so as to take full advantage of the view of the canal. The house was designed within the framework of these requirements and consists of a living room, dining room, kitchen, utility room, 3 baths and 3 bedrooms. One bedroom serves a dual capacity as a study and a bedroom for guests. There is a garage and the entry way will serve as a carport if the two-car space is needed.

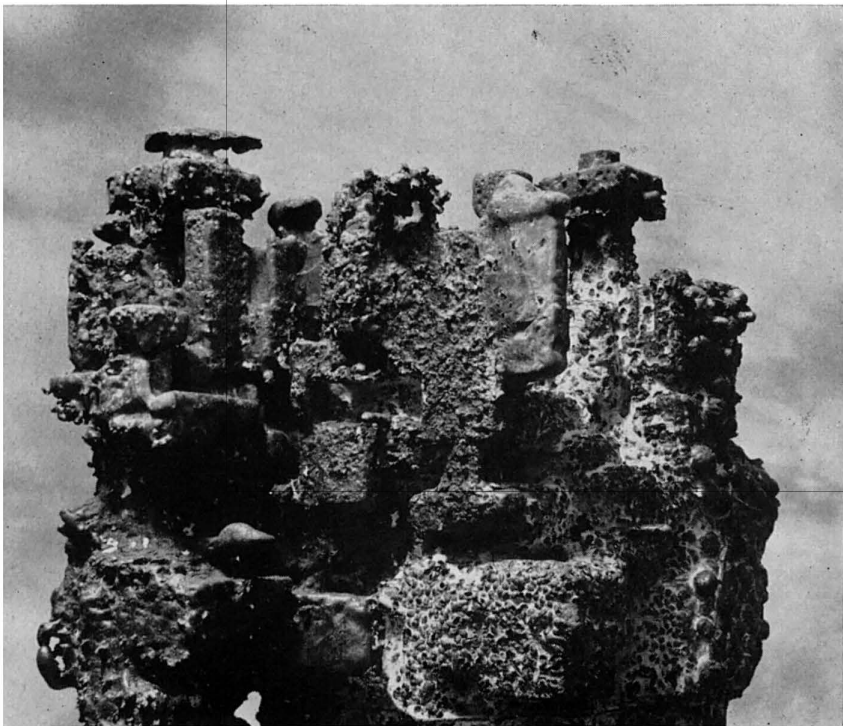
Many visitors to the house will arrive by boat. For this reason the canal face of the house will become the primary entrance. Entry to the house is by 20" x 36" stepping stones across a shallow reflecting pool to a 17'-0" high entrance door to the inner courtyard. The stepping stones are made of the Mosaic Tile Company's Hacienda Beige Quarry Tile. Control of visitors to the house will be at this front face by intercom and a system of electronic lock releases. This maintains maximum privacy for the inner court. The 17'-0" high entrance door was developed to this height to reflect the vertical space of the courtyard and establish the maximum importance of this entrance. From this door the stepping stones cross over a continuation of the reflecting pool into the inner courtyard. This court is 15'-0" x 35'-6" and is sheltered by 18'-0" walls. At the south wall directly on axis with the entry door will be located a large sculpture mounted upon a block of marble cantilevered out of the wall. Beneath the sculpture and at the base of the wall, a group of dicksonia ferns will soften the transition from the vertical wall to the tile courtyard. On either side of the sculpture, vertical openings give a glimpse

(Continued on page 30)



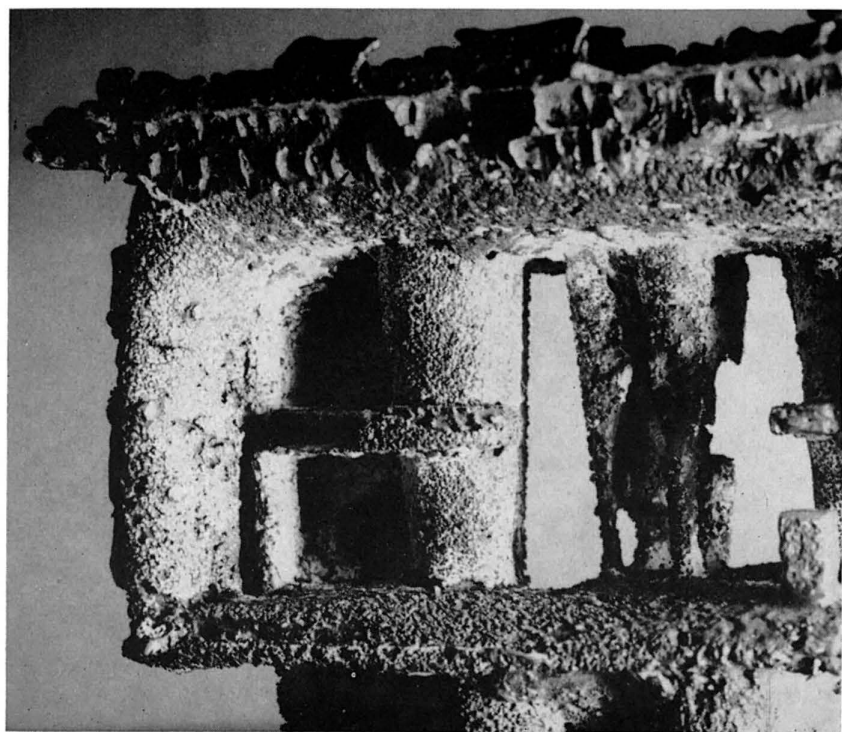
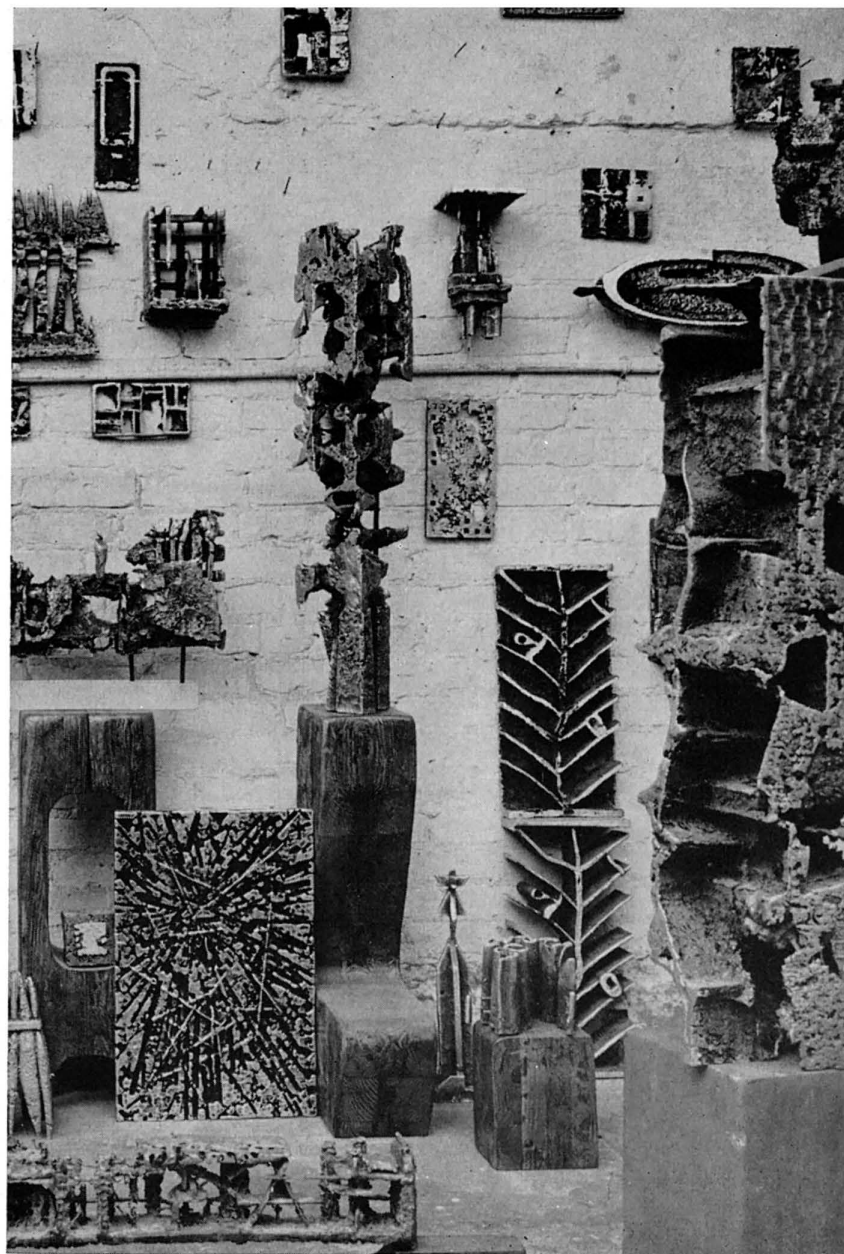
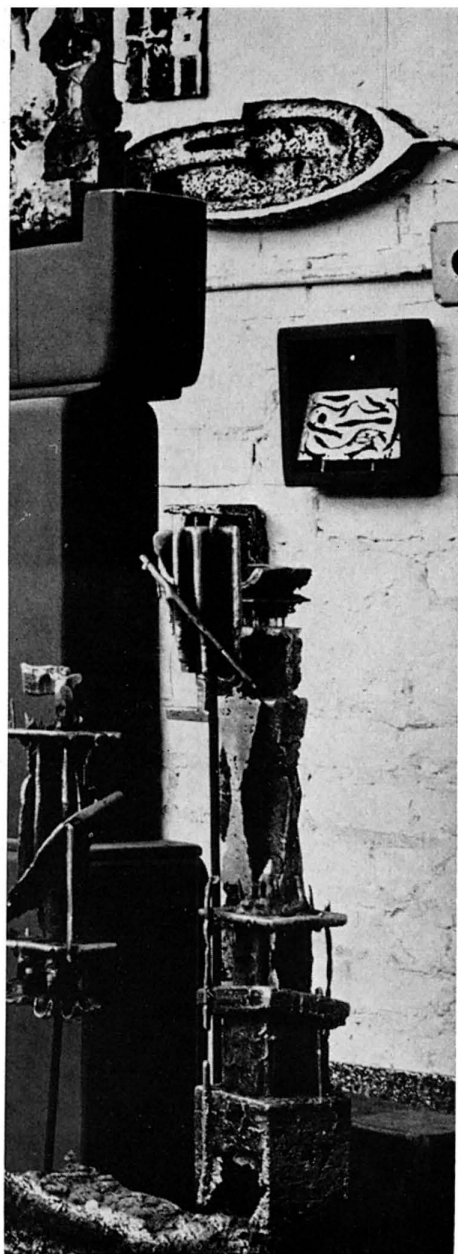
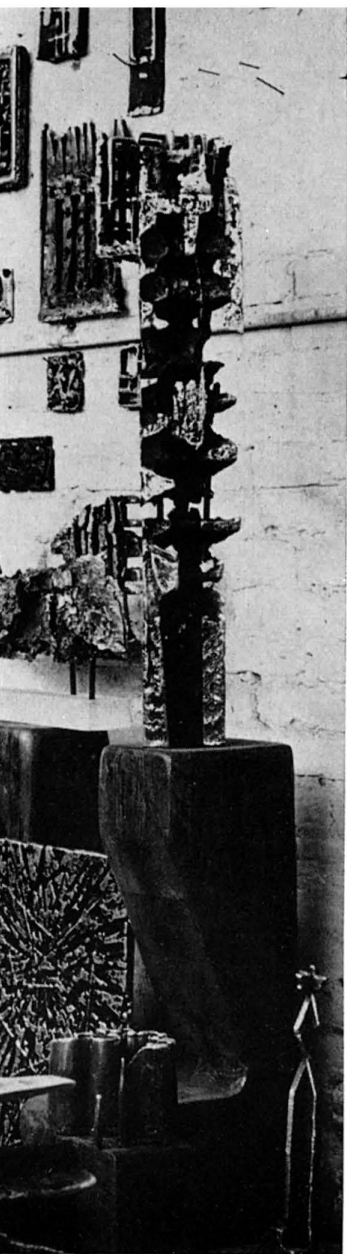


THE NEW WORK OF JAN DE SWART



This bronze sculpture is from the recent exhibition of the new work of Jan de Swart. The more than two hundred metal sculptures reveal his continued exploration of the process of casting into wooden forms. Having discovered that the violent interaction between the hot metal and the burning wood can be captured at the moment of its greatest energy, and that it creates a surface in which the marriage of these elements is dramatically apparent, he is now concerned with sculptural forms that will reveal the nature of this climax in its full range. His control of the explosion that takes place gives him an exhilarating feeling of mastery of the elements.

There is in these pieces an ancient quality which does not go back but forward in time. This, together with the interiority of the spaces, gives these bronzes an unreality in time and an emphatic reality in form.



The honor you have accorded me ranks as the highest that can be given to an architect whose work has justly earned worldwide acclaim. And when you give it to a writer, for his essays and books alone, the recipient himself has the giddy sense of being rocketed upward from the solid foundations of architecture and becoming, by this very release from your usual canons of judgment, an all-too-lonely creature—almost a Man in Space—

exalted perhaps by his mission, but not at all sure that he should have been picked out for such a defiant venture.

The fact that this is the first time such a special honor has been bestowed upon a writer only makes the award that much more royally magnificent, and, by the same token, that much more embarrassing. Yet it is with no sense of false humility, and I trust no untoward lack of respect for your past judgments and selections, that I now tell you I should feel easier if you would permit me to share this award with four other writers on Buildings, Monuments, and Cities, who were somehow passed over by their immediate colleagues and contemporaries, if never wholly forgotten by the rest of the world. Let me share it, I beg you, with my great British predecessors and masters: John Ruskin, William Morris, William Richard Lethaby, and Patrick Geddes—the men whose thought and vision made my own work in this field possible. Supported by their colossal shades, magnified as these figures now are by the judgment of time, I should feel less lonely; and would be free to savour, with uninhibited gratitude, my still generous fifth portion of the honor you have bestowed on me, and through me, on us all.

Do not fancy that my own spontaneous reaction to this evidence of your approval is any less vivid at sixty-five than it would have been at twenty-five. Every fibre in me is ready to yield to the moment and to bask in its sudden glory, as when at the end of an arduous swim, after breasting counter-currents

LEWIS MUMFORD

Upon receiving the Gold Medal for Architecture, Royal Institute of British Architects—London, 1961

and being thrown about by the cold breakers, one reaches a friendly beach and sinks gratefully into the sun-warmed sand. All this I feel today, and am thankful I have lived to experience it. But I would be untrue to the work you have honored, if I did not confess to you that my personal happiness, today and every day, is undermined by the well-founded anxieties and the rational forebodings I share with all other reasonably alert men and women in my generation. We have not lived through half a century of violence, irrational destructiveness, and collective extermination without knowing that, if the nations continue on their present course, still more infamous calamities may at any moment envelop the whole planet. These memories, and still more these anticipations, corrode our natural delights even as they insidiously sap our creative energies.

For who can go about his work from day to day, calmly and confidently, whilst decisions about the ultimate fate of mankind are being made in privacy and secrecy by fallible, indeed demonstrably error-prone, leaders, insulated against public examination, public criticism, public control? Who can trust decisions made by men who have patently become the passive instruments of the unruly mechanisms and the lethal energies that science has

placed in their hands? Were we living in ordinary times, I would not mar the present hour by even a passing reference to either the world's danger or my personal concerns. But for both good and evil these are not ordinary times since nuclear energy gives a cosmic dimension to all man's errors, sins, and psychoses. Yet even this brief allusion to the state of the world must seem, I realize, to many here in this audience, a wanton intrusion—unseemly, extravagant, and at best, considering the occasion, a palpable breach of taste. I must risk that natural criticism, even if my conscience impels me to defy it. What I feel called upon to remind you now is that no part of our daily life, no family expectations, no professional plans, no long-term hopes and creative prospects for our country or for the world at large, has any likelihood of coming to its natural fruition unless we master the forces that now so grievously threaten us. The ultimate madness of our age would be to assume that all its current exhibitions of madness are entirely normal and inevitable.

Forgive this affront to a convention I am usually happy to respect. I commit it only because our habitual daily behavior seems to me as inappropriate to the situation we confront as would be the conduct of the passengers and the crew on a disabled ship, who should continue to polish the brightwork, caulk the lifeboats, play shuffleboard and bridge, and place bets on the dummy horses in the usual shipboard manner—though they would instantly know, if they dared lift their

eyes, that a black tornado was fuming across their path, and that the captains of all the national vessels, disregarding the storm warnings, are blindly steering, by out-of-date charts and wild compasses, for a non-existent destination. My figure is, I hasten to add, a faulty one: for the approaching storm, far from being an unavoidable natural event, has actually been conjured up by the captains and ship-owners themselves, using their now gigantic—and even godlike—powers for pathetically stunted human purposes. The moral, for all that, remains the same. At such a perilous juncture as this only one act is rational, only one command possible: All hands save ship!

The world is still waiting for leaders alert enough to utter that command and take hold while the ships can still be salvaged and brought to port. Such leaders would be wise

enough to know that they cannot hope to solve unilaterally, in the interests of their own country, their own hemisphere, their own race or ideology or religion, problems that transcend, in their immensity and their gravity, all such parochial boundaries, and such childish irrelevant interests. They would put aside the brazen trumpet of power and speak in a low human voice, without foolish pride, foolish boasts, or foolish fear, in a mood of

disarming self-criticism and repentance, with many pauses to listen patiently to all those they were addressing: they would bring to the occasion those qualities of imaginative understanding, humor, and love that are necessary to awaken similar responses in other men. Even one such leader, arising at the right moment, might precipitate the needed change, as a single crystal in a super-saturate solution can induce a general crystallization.

Plainly, we cannot predict when such a moment may occur and such a leader may appear, and we cannot, by a mere act of will, evoke such an occasion: still less can we train and tailor such a leader in advance, as our space-oriented experts select candidates, capable of heroically enduring the ordeal of their vacuous voyages. But each of us, individually, can sensitize himself and fortify himself for the occasion; each of us can reconsider the irrationalities and automatisms he has learned to submit to in his own field, and each of us can assist in bringing about, within his own province, be it science or education or architecture, the kind of transformation that will restore human control, and reinstate human goals, in every part of the process. Unless we so ready ourselves, unless we so reconstitute our minds, our purposes, our daily activities, there is little chance that we shall be capable of responding effectively to the singular moment when it comes, and when, by a superhuman effort, we may reverse the destructive tendencies that are now almost everywhere at work.

Admittedly, I am canvassing the possibility

of a miracle. For if the world is finally to be saved from the nuclear holocaust that the great powers have been so assiduously preparing for each other, it will only be through such a general miracle of regeneration as you in Britain experienced after Dunkirk. And as you have special reason to know, even when the leader appears and the life-saving processes have been set in motion, such miracles still require painful efforts and severe sacrifices; and what is more, they demand even greater displays of dogged patience in the face of colossal difficulties than more ordinary human events demand.

We shall not, alas! effectually undo the errors of the last twenty years in a day, nor even yet perhaps in a century. But for the next few minutes, I am going to make the bold assumption that this miracle will actually take place; for, if I may repeat a remark

I made toward the end of *The City in History*, the only safe generalization about life is that it is full of surprises. Happily, as Gilbert Chesterton put it, in my favorite fantasy of his, *The Napoleon of Notting Hill*, mankind remains quietly addicted to its old game of Cheat the Prophet. Like any competent diagnostician I always wince a little when people bestow the title of prophet on me, usually in an unkind effort to give me a quaint, out-

moded, Old Testament look; but I shrink even more from being called a Jeremiah—he whose prophecies so fatally came true. If I were a prophet, I should want to be a false one, and I would be thankful rather than chagrined if mankind would only be good enough to cheat me.

But the miracle I am tentatively counting on now is not, I regret to say, quite so unconditionally bright as it may seem. Even granting our biological survival for at least another century, the very factors that have made it so hard to keep nuclear energy, along with many other genuine triumphs of science, from being turned against mankind will—unless we radically change our mind and alter our course—inexorably continue to work. Conceivably our governments may hurtle from crisis to crisis without actually committing national suicide or physically mutilating the human race. Yet if we go on operating automatically in every other field on the same premises, pursuing exclusively our present goals of ceaseless technological expansion, with no reference to other human ends, the final results in another hundred years may not be singularly different from that which would be produced by a single gigantic catastrophe. For in magnifying the functions of machines we have increasingly belittled the purposes of men; and as our scientific artifacts become more exquisitely refined, what is left of the human soul, the all-powerful but unbalanced intelligence, tends to dispossess and effectually dehumanize the rest of life. Already one of our American space

scientists has, in a classic phrase, defined the new status of man: for him a human being is simply the cheapest mass-produced servomechanism as yet available for operating an otherwise completely automatic machine. Samuel Butler's wry jest, now a century old, that man might soon be reduced to serving as a machine's agent for giving birth to another machine, daily comes closer to our working realities.

I raise this problem on the present occasion for a special reason: it greatly concerns the arts of architecture and town planning and regional design, and the answers we make here will either help or mar our efforts to cope with all the insensate and so far misdirected energies of our age. We cannot hope that the automatic machine, harnessed to equally automatic organizations, left to themselves will deliver us from the disabilities of

THE ART OF THE LITHOGRAPH

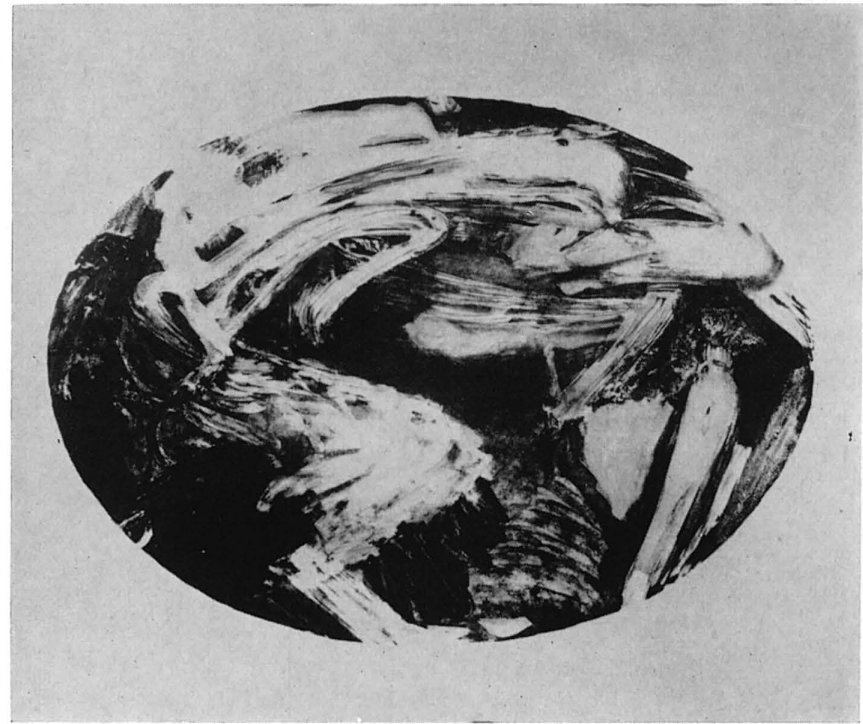
BY FREDERICK S. WIGHT

A lithograph ideally is a collaboration between an artist and a printer (who is an artist at printing) in the same sense that a tapestry is a collaboration between an artist and a weaver, and lithographs bear the embossed chop of the printer with whom the artist worked.

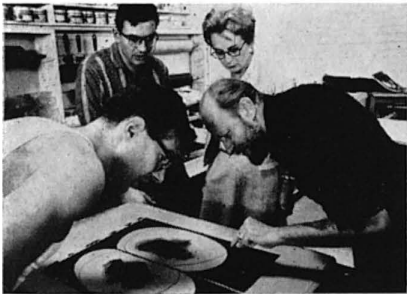
Lithography is one of the younger arts as printmaking goes, but it is old enough to have absorbed some of the world's greatest talents: Daumier, Lautrec, Kollwitz, Matisse, Picasso. (In this country, it was seized upon by Bellows who believed he would not have to learn it as he would have to learn etching! A notion remote from the technical complexities offered here.)

Lithography, of all the printmaking methods, approaches closest to the painter's massed values; it carries; it wants to come out of the print portfolio; it appeals to artists who have an instinct for immediacy and power. These expressive, dramatic characteristics take artist and viewer away from the intimate atmosphere of the burin and needle. But here is a deception. Lithography is neither a do-it-yourself-kit art, nor a let-the-printer-do-it art—although it is a discouraging fact that the European artist often has over-relied on his printer, in effect allowed the printer to carry the plank in the center while he has provided the sketch in the beginning and the signature at the end.

By contrast at Tamarind, the artist, who may well be primarily painter or sculptor, is a lithographer and nothing else during the intensive weeks of his fellowship. If the medium is new to him, he is exploring his own



ADJA YUNKERS: FROM HIS "SKIES OF VENICE" SERIES; LITHOGRAPH VIII; OVAL IMAGE; TAMARIND NO. 195; HORIZONTAL FORMAT 29"X41".



potential; if he is an old hand at lithography he is expanding the medium's frontiers. And as it works out experimenters in other media have been successful here, all the more so because the medium was new to them, as one is forced to assume.

The Tamarind Lithography Workshop should be viewed in terms of its intention. It came into being out of the difficulties one artist, June Wayne, experienced in pursuit of the lithograph as a full esthetic expression. Out of the problem of living in Los Angeles and working in Paris, grew a survey of the condition of lithography as a whole. She saw it for what it had become, either a meagre private struggle in this country, or as a declining art abroad, where its master printers, unstimulated by new esthetic demands from their artists, produce prints that over-resemble each other.

The question then arose, if an art is on the way to being lost, why stay its departure? Has this activity, like any other, fulfilled itself? Is its decline from internal or accidental causes? Can lithography continue to take part in the Twentieth Century revolution in art and add thereto a special dimension, or is it a casualty in that revolution? Only an artist can answer such questions in advance: criticism only can say what has happened.

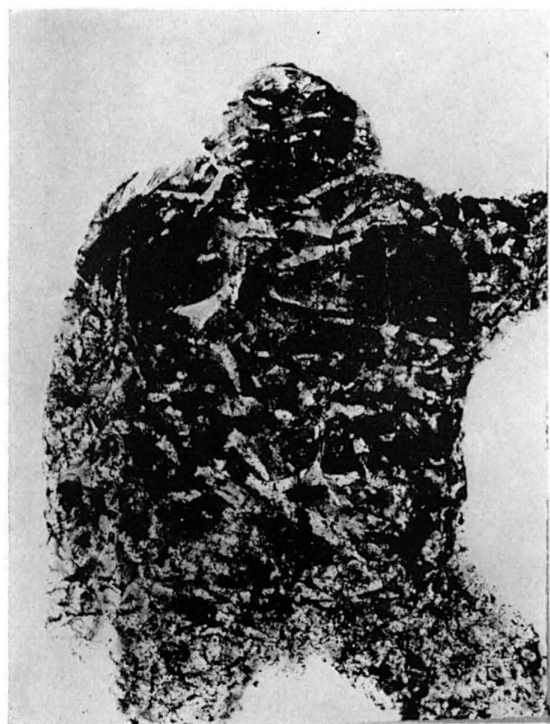
It would seem, to generalize the results here shown, that the explosive movement most characteristic of the present hour, has gained in force from these techniques; the print has expanded under pressure, and force and gesture are given another kind of direction. But that this might happen

(Continued on page 30)

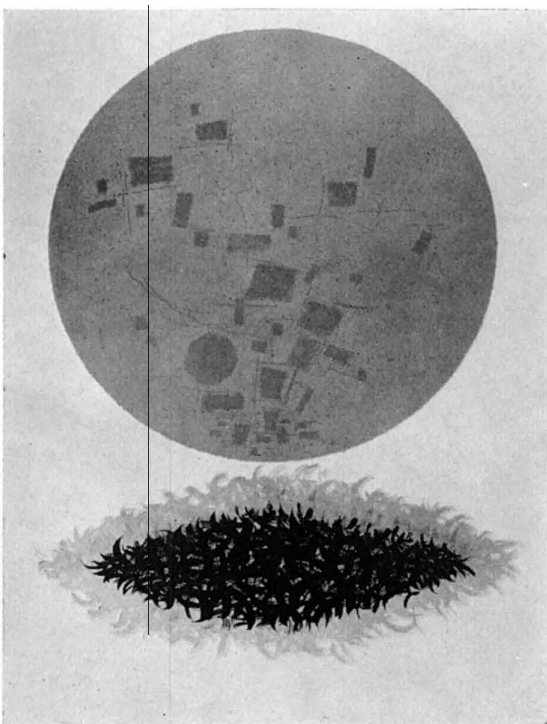


RICO LEBRUN: LITHOGRAPH ON ZINC; BLACK INK; TITLED "DARK FIGURES"; HORIZONTAL FORMAT 37"X29"; TAMARIND NO. 408.

LITHOGRAPHS FROM THE TAMARIND WORKSHOP—AN EXHIBITION AT THE UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA AT LOS ANGELES ART GALLERIES



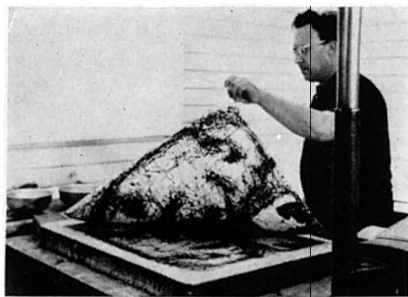
MISCH KOHN; STONE LITHOGRAPH; TITLED "GIANT"; VERTICAL FORMAT 41"X29"; TAMARIND NO. 372.



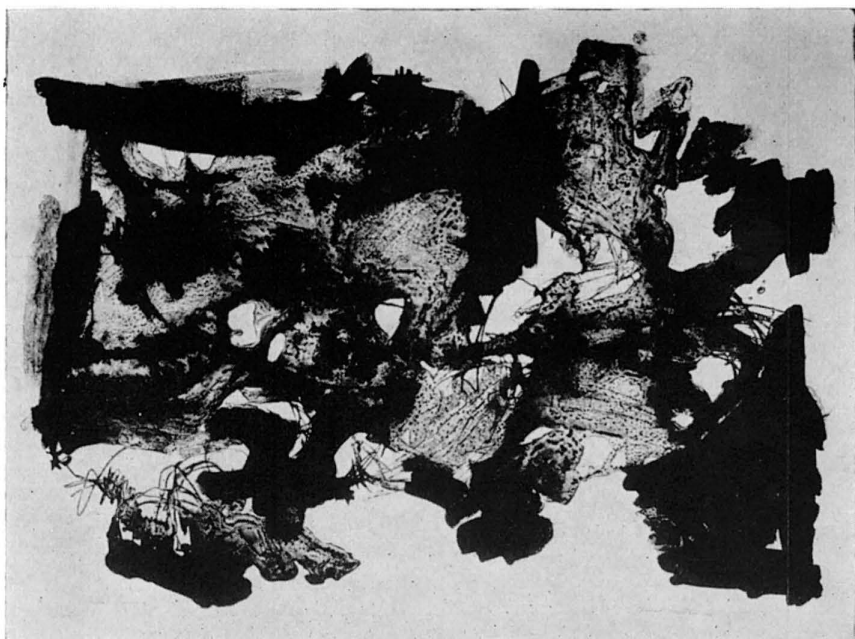
TETSUO OCHIKUBO; 5-COLOR UNTITLED LITHOGRAPH FROM 4 ZINC PLATES; TAMARIND NO. 204; RED, BLUE, TWO GRAYS, BLACK; VERTICAL 41"X29".



GEORGE MIYASAKI; 5-COLOR STONE LITHOGRAPH TITLED "FLYING MACHINE," TAMARIND NO. 383; COLORS: BLACK, BLUE, ORANGE, ROSE, WARM GRAY; VERTICAL FORMAT 41"X29".



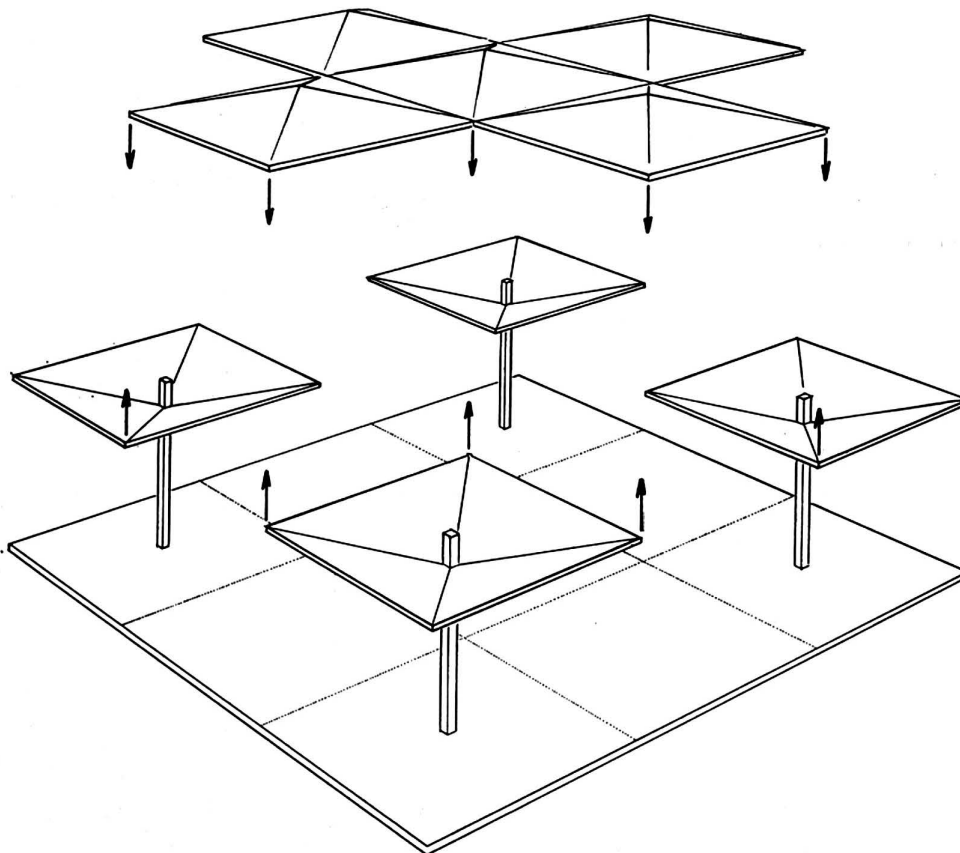
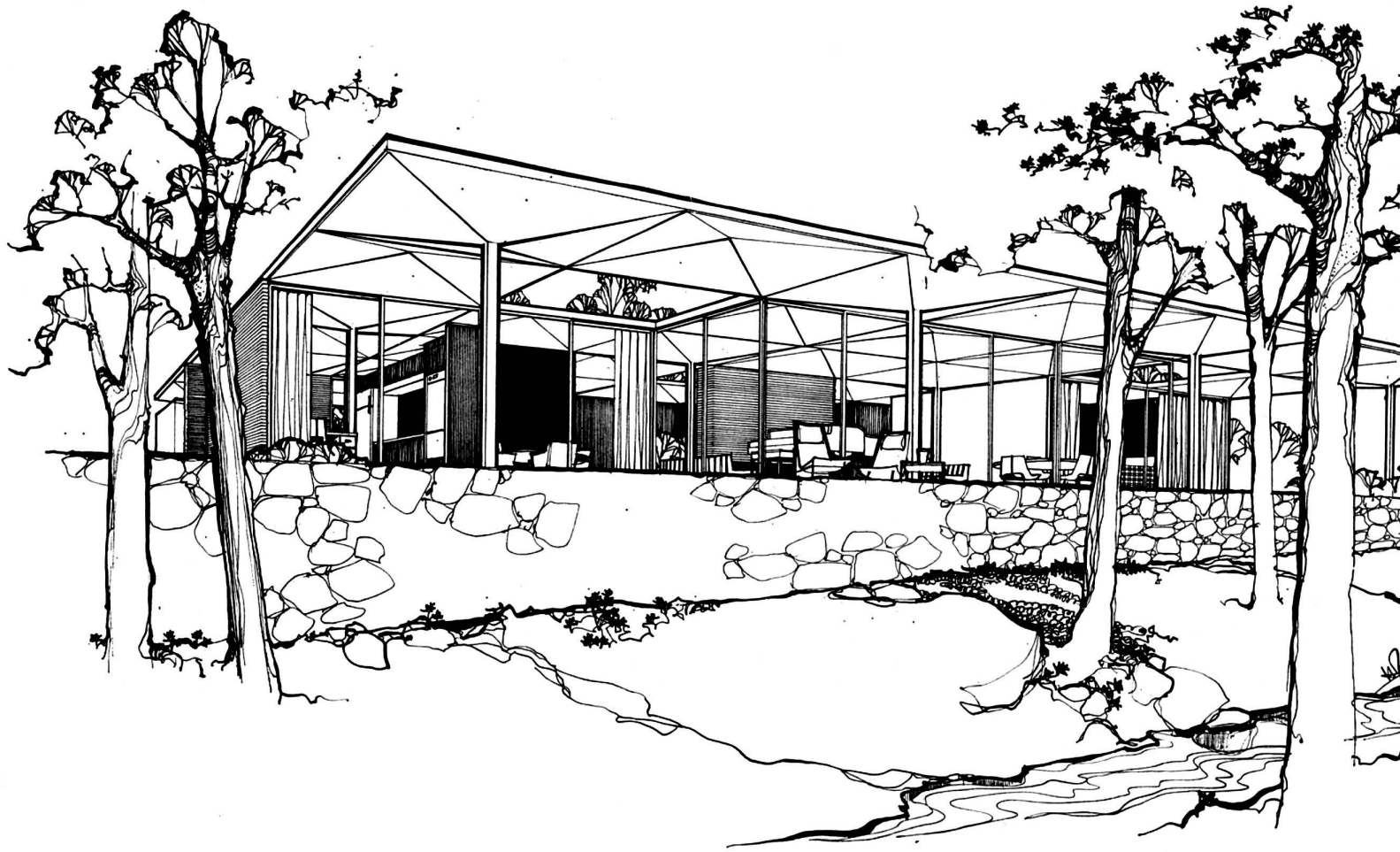
PHOTOGRAPHS BY IKUO SERISAWA



BERNARD ROSENTHAL; BLACK INK ZINC LITHOGRAPH; UNTITLED; TAMARIND NO. 150; HORIZONTAL 22"X30".



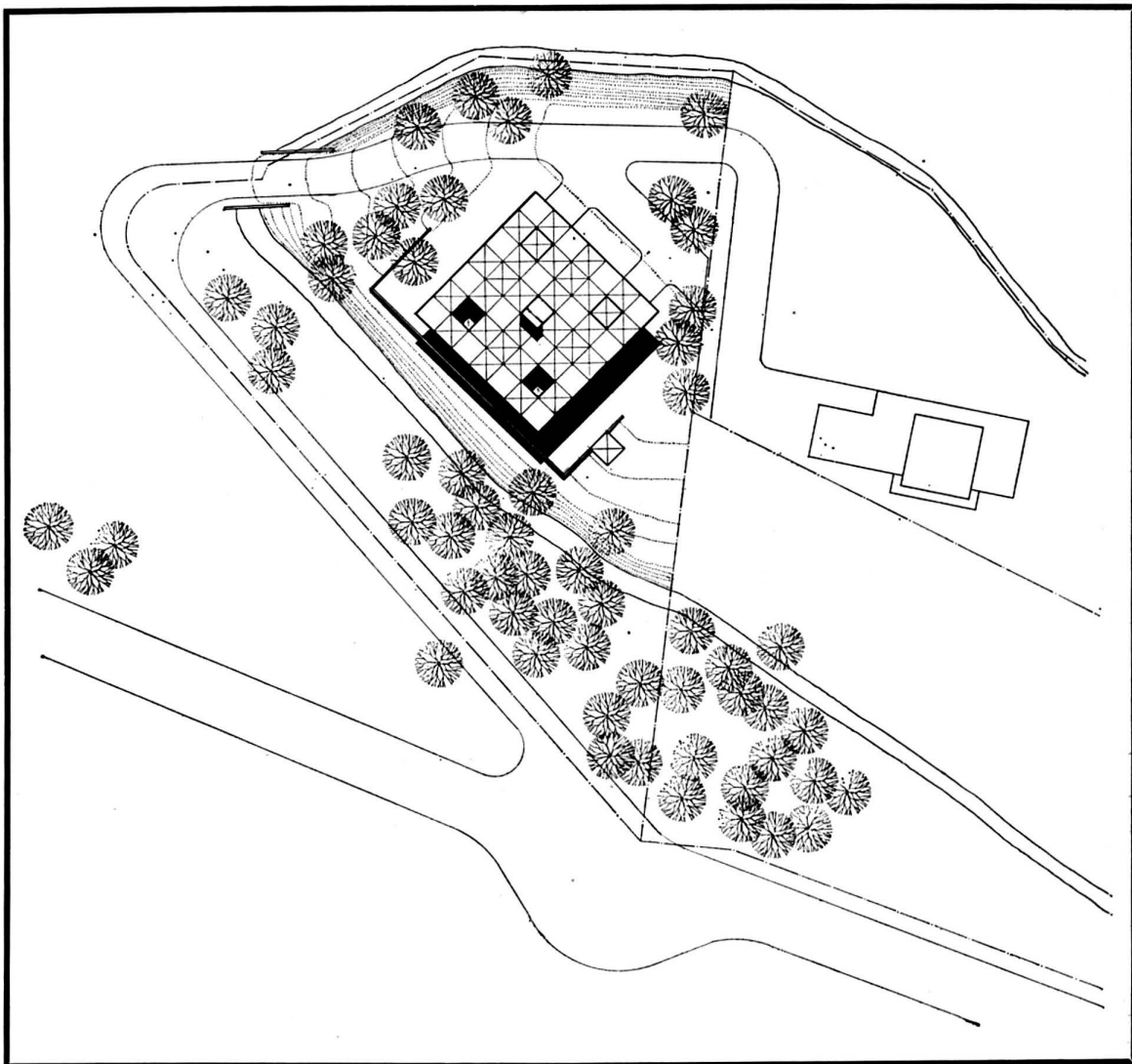
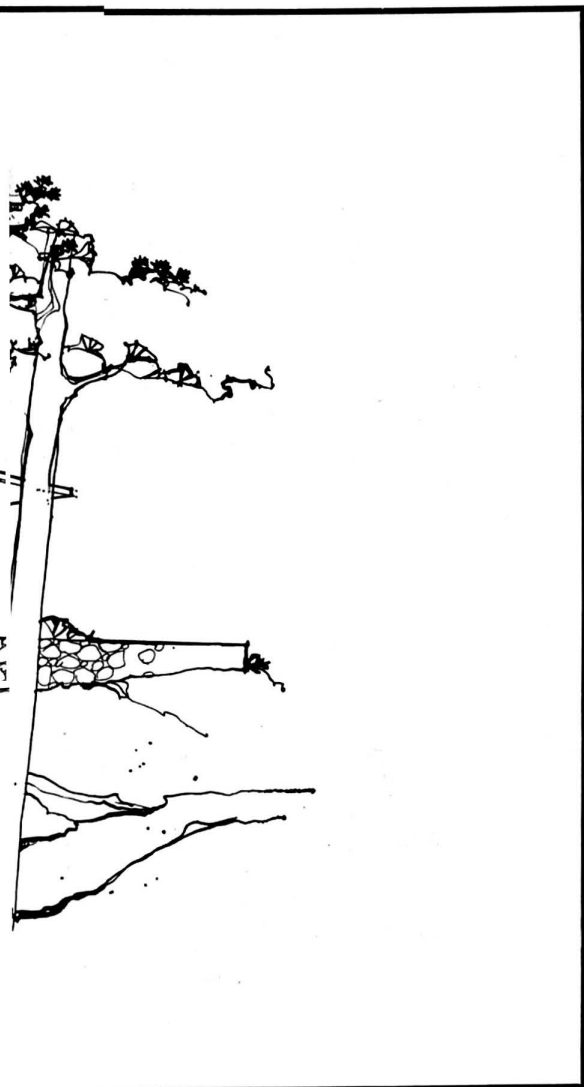
JUNE WAYNE; BLACK AND WHITE LITHOGRAPH FROM ZINC; TITLED "CORNELIA'S BIRD"; HORIZONTAL FORMAT 22"X30"; TAMARIND NO. 307.



HOUSE IN THE MOUNTAINS

This project is to be located on the south slope of Red Mountain overlooking Aspen, Colorado, at an elevation of 8,000 feet. The site is the top of a steep, wooded slope in a triangular piece of land formed by a loop in Salvation Creek.

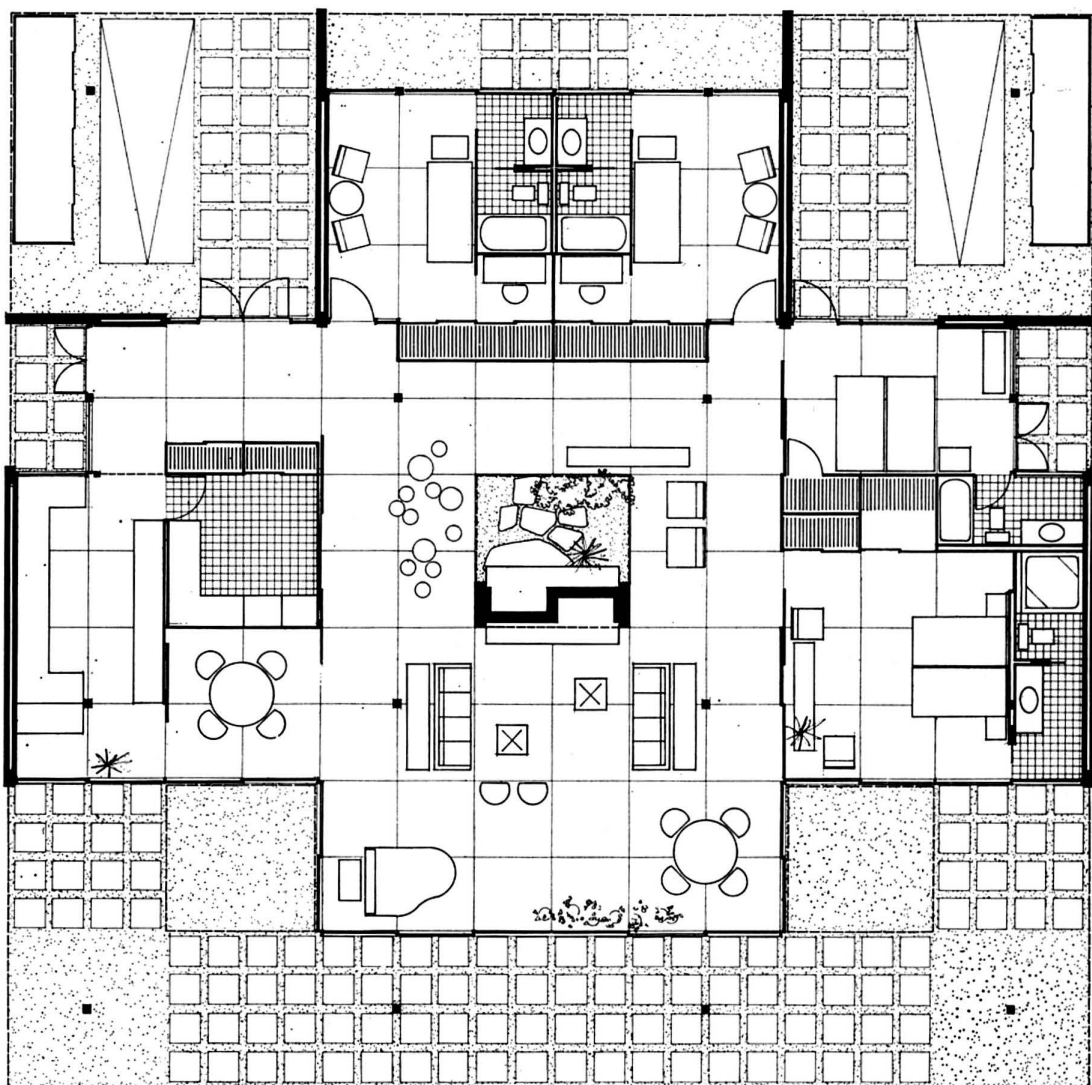
The plan of the house is divided into two main zones, the first consisting of private spaces for the master bedroom, the guest room, and the two children's bedrooms; and the second, a series of spaces that are separated by sliding walls, the kitchen, dining room, living room, garden room and exterior porches. Direct outside access is provided to all the bedrooms and dressing areas. An overhead skylight lights the interior garden room which is partially screened from the living room by a free-standing fireplace. The intensity of sun radiation at this elevation required very generous roof overhangs and low transmission glass in order to take comfortable advantage of the outside space and views of the valley and ski runs.



BY THOMAS HOUHA, ARCHITECT

As many parts of the house as possible were designed to be prefabricated and require only site assembly. Square steel pipe columns at twenty-foot centers support the concrete roof which is exposed throughout the house. Ten-foot square precast concrete pyramid shells are used in two different positions to make up the roof. Sixteen inverted pyramids are used as column capitols by welding and grouting them to the top ends of the steel columns. After the capitols are erected, the roof is completed by placing the remaining thirty shells between column capitols. These units are set with their apex up. Several of the units are omitted to allow light through the deep overhangs.

Electric radiant panel heating was considered for the entire house, but later abandoned in favor of a combination of panel and forced hot air, electric resistance units to be used in both cases. Dual glazing, insulated cavity wall construction, rigid insulation on the top of the concrete roof shells held the estimated operating cost for electric heating to a reasonable level.





COUNTRY CLUB BY ALPER AND ALPER, ARCHITECTS

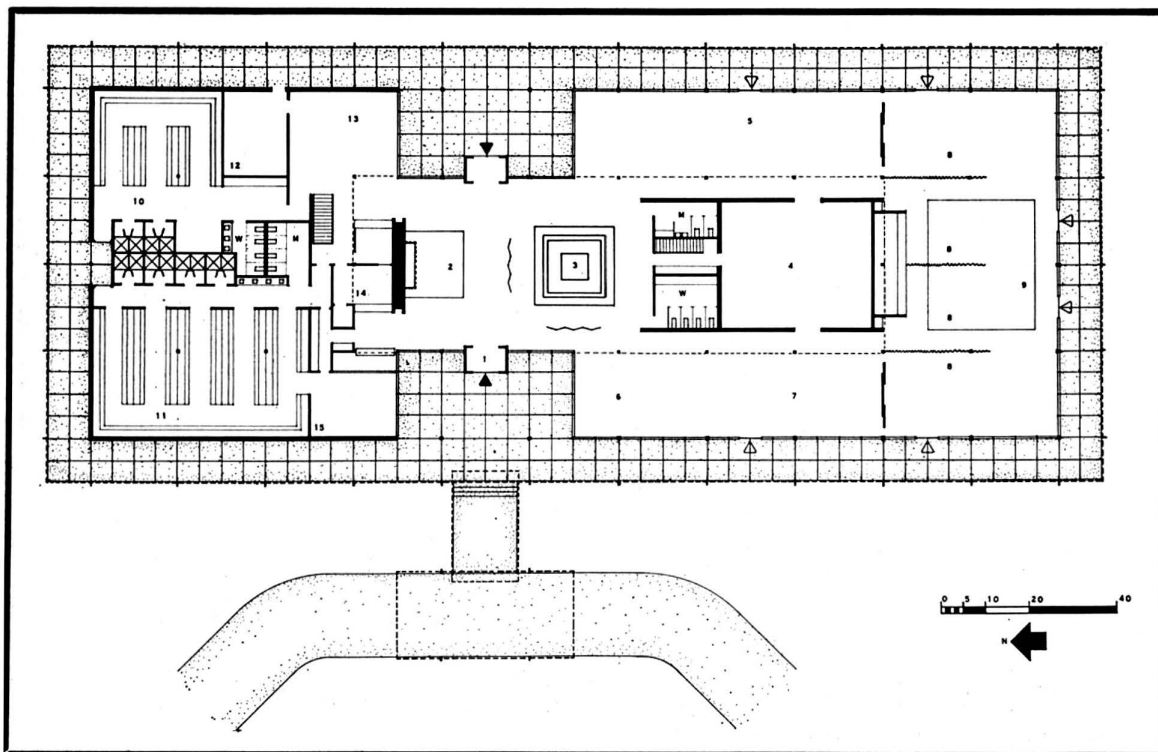
WILLIAM S. SILBERBERG AND ASSOCIATES, STRUCTURAL ENGINEERS
ABRAMSON AND KLIPP, MECHANICAL ENGINEERS

The problem was to design a new club house for a golf club serving three hundred to four hundred golfers daily. The club requested men's and women's locker facilities, a pro-shop, bar, golfers' grill plus practice driving ranges in a basement. In addition, a restaurant, cocktail lounge, meeting rooms and checkroom facilities were needed for the golfing and non-golfing public.

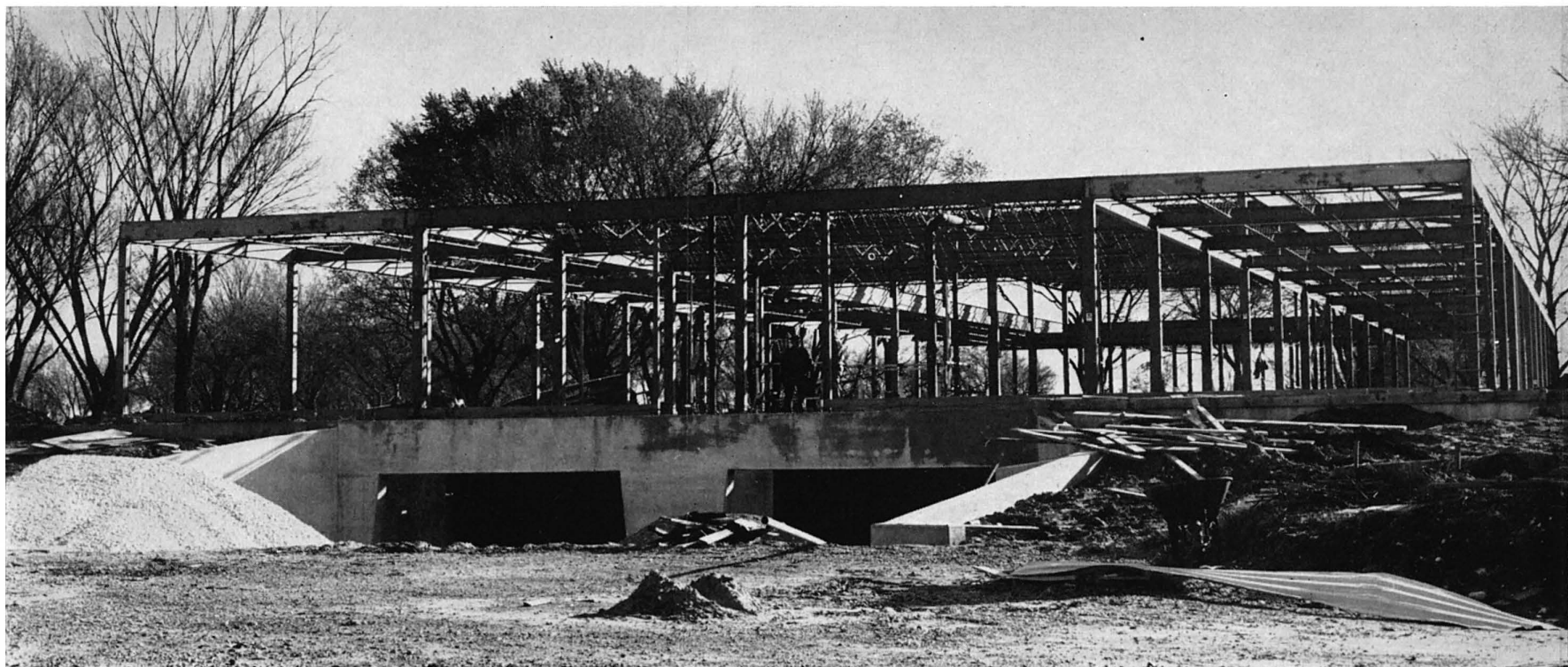
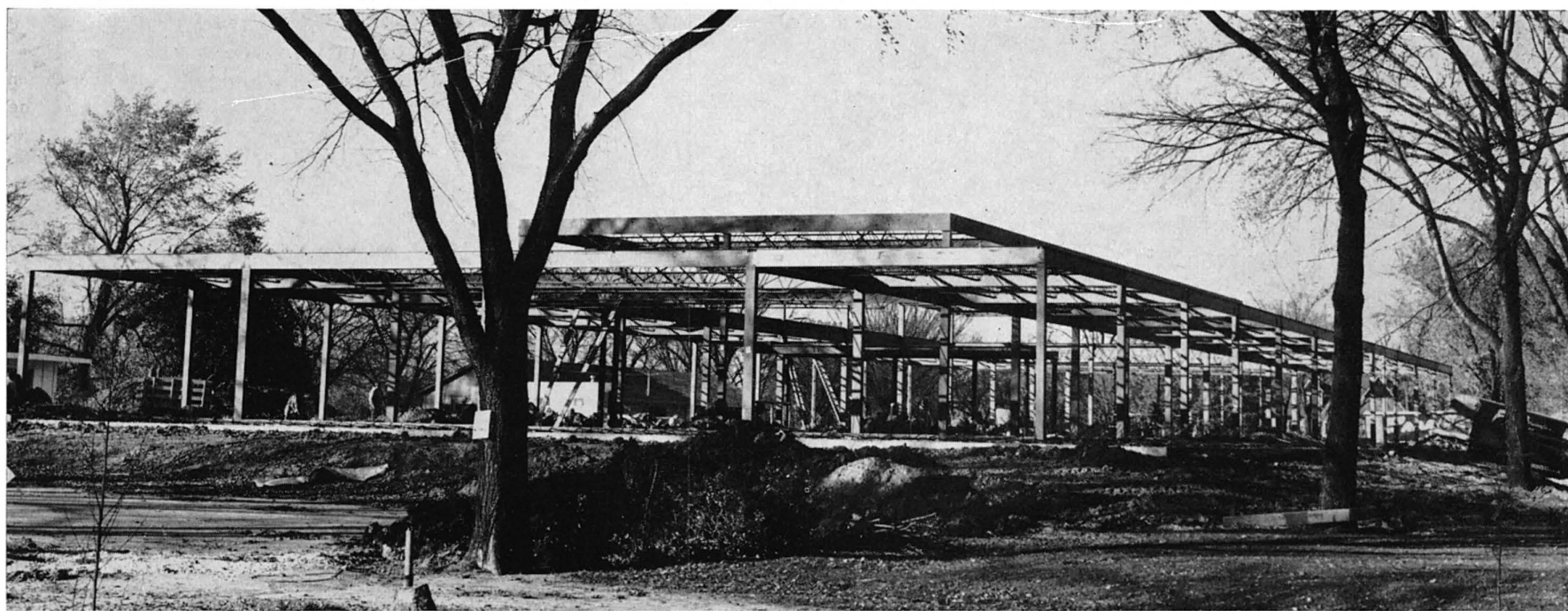
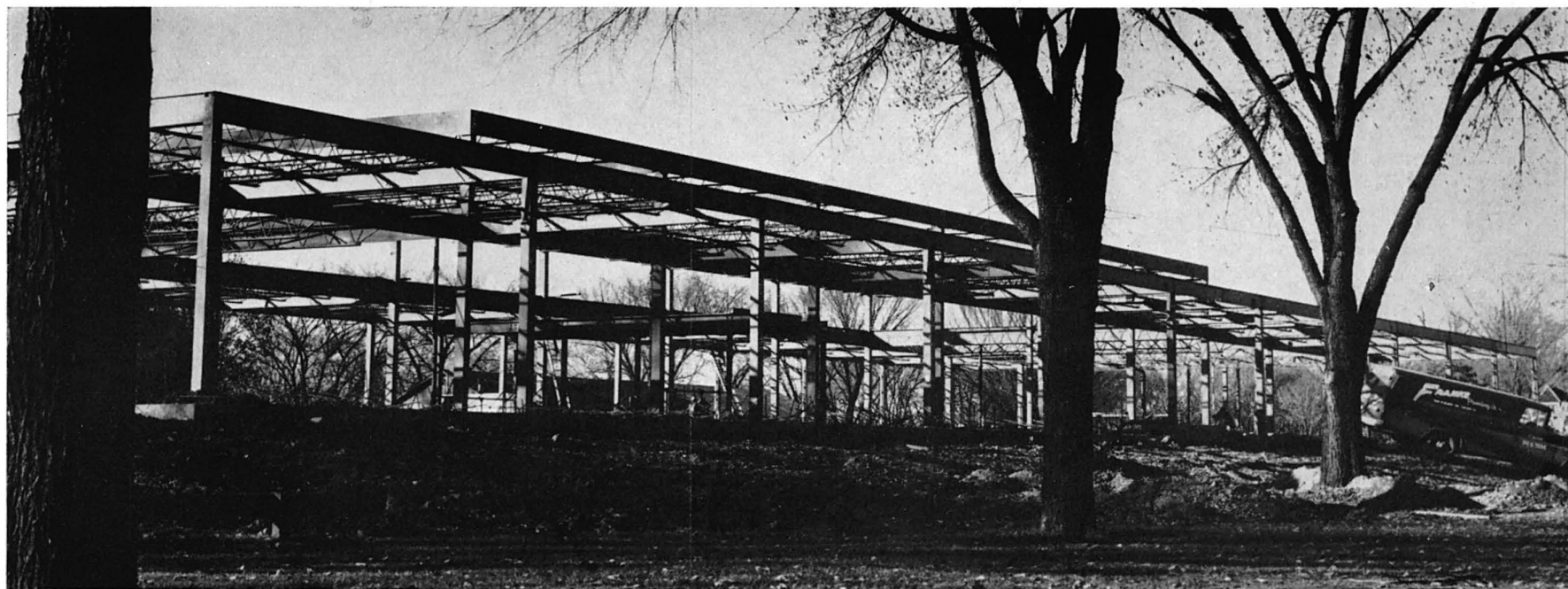
The site consists of 200 acres of land in an area rapidly being developed by tract builders. It contains an 18- and a nine-hole course divided by a road. Both courses are relatively flat with dense clumps of trees and lakes.

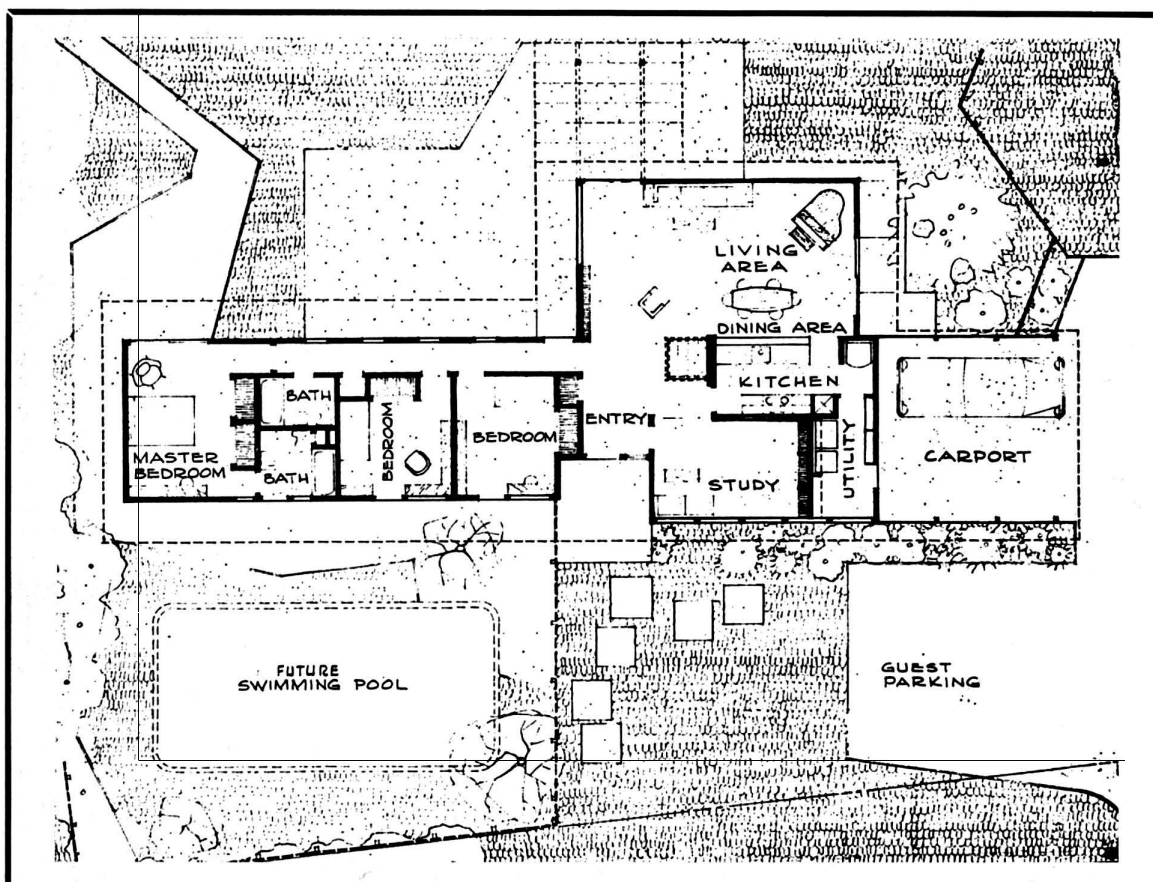
The building was placed so that it is adjacent to the 1st tee, the 9th and 18th green and immediately across the road from the 1st tee and the 9th green of the nine-hole course. Glass walls on the east, south and west sides open the building to the view of the course in all directions. In order to accommodate the multi-use function, the building was designed so that one kitchen could serve the food requirements of the restaurant, coffee shop and meeting rooms. The east side of the club house contains the less formal golfing facilities and the west the formal restaurant and cocktail lounge. A partial basement, below the locker rooms, houses a preparation kitchen, golf practice ranges, future showers and lockers, storage for golf carts and all the mechanical equipment.

The structure is an independent steel frame with shop-fabricated fireproofing on all columns. The flat roof is rectangular in shape with a clerestory at the center creating a higher ceiling area within the structure. The exterior walls are set back 10 feet from the edge of the roof forming an arcade around the entire building. This deep overhang will shield the walls from the sun except during the summer, at late afternoon. However, an existing stand of fifty-foot trees along the west side will provide shade.



1. ENTRY 2. LOUNGE 3. BAR 4. KITCHEN 5. GOLFERS GRILL 6. COCKTAIL LOUNGE 7. DINING ROOM 8. MEETING ROOMS 9. DANCE FLOOR 10. WOMEN'S LOCKER ROOM 11. MEN'S LOCKER ROOM 12. GOLF CLUB STORAGE 13. PRO SHOP 14. OFFICE 15. CARD ROOM





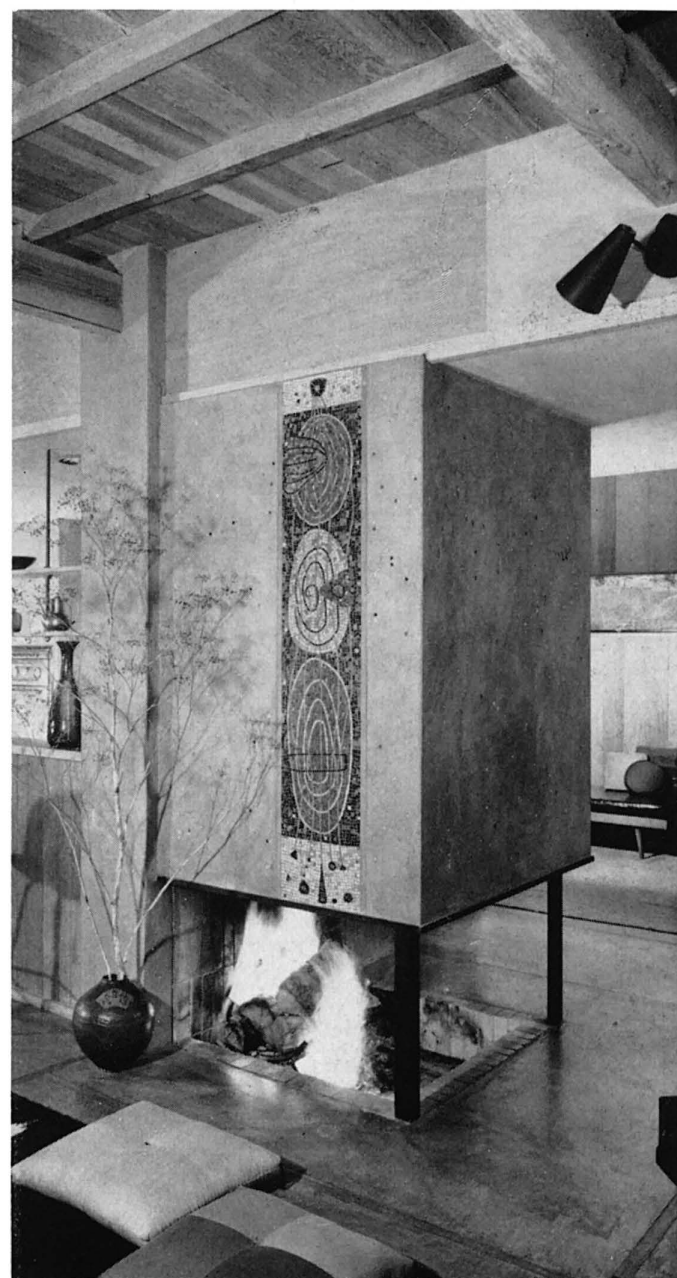
HOUSE

BY MARQUIS AND STOLLER,

ARCHITECTS

The site is a large, wooded, level lot, without a view. The clients wanted a low-budget house in which the living room could be used both for entertaining and as a family room, with an additional room to serve as a study or guest room. Since the site had an intimate quality and the family seemed to suggest a close knit way of life, the architects felt that a house turned "inward" would be the proper solution. This was achieved by having fewer glass walls strategically placed and moving the fireplace to the center of the living area.

The exterior of the house is redwood, the interior walls, mahogany paneling; the floors, integral color concrete.



FIREPLACE MOSAIC DESIGNED AND EXECUTED BY RAY RICE



PHOTOGRAPHS BY ERNEST BRAUN

PRODUCTS



merit specified

for the new Case Study House

The following are the first specifications developed by the architects for the new Case Study House No. 25 and represent a selection of products on the basis of quality and general usefulness that have been selected as being best suited to the purposes of this project and are, within the meaning of the Case Study House Program, "Merit Specified."

Case Study House No. 25 by Killingsworth, Brady, Smith and Associates, architects, for the magazine, Arts & Architecture

DOUGLAS FIR

Framing for the house will be Douglas Fir. This material and method of construction is used because of its economy and flexibility. Vertical members are either 2" x 6" or 2" x 4". Floor joists are 2" x 12" at 16" o.c. Combination rafter and ceiling joists are 2" x 10" at 16" o.c. The West Coast Lumbermen Association, 1410 Southwest Morrison Street, Los Angeles, California.

PORTLAND CEMENT

Portland Cement is used in the concrete slab floor, foundations and the stucco for all the exterior walls. The stucco has been selected so that simple large wall areas may be possible. The stucco will be machine applied with a heavy spray to provide texture to the simple surfaces. Portland Cement Association, 816 West 5th Street, Los Angeles, California.

ARCADIA ALUMINUM SLIDING DOORS

The sliding doors throughout the house will be by Arcadia. These units were selected for their trouble-free operation and excellent finish which will resist the corrosion of the salt spray from the canal. The doors are 8'-0" in height and vary in width, and feature the inside screen. Manufactured by Northrop Architectural Systems, 5022 Triggs Street, Los Angeles 22, California.

MOSAIC TILE

Quarry tile by Mosaic Tile has been selected for the floors and decks of the house. This fine material will be used for stepping stones, the paving of the courtyard, the floor of the dining room and the terrace deck at the second floor level. Hacienda Beige is the color selected because of its warm neutral texture which will provide an excellent foil for the landscaping and furnishing. Manufactured by the Mosaic Tile Company, 131 North Robertson Boulevard, Beverly Hills, California, and Zanesville, Ohio.

PLEXIGLAS DOME SKYLIGHTS

Plexiglas Dome Skylights by Skyco Inc. will be used for lighting the master bath and service bath of the house. These skylights are used to bring natural lighting will be provided from an electric fixture set within the dome skylight. Manufactured to these areas where good lighting is so important. Night lighting for the rooms furnished by Skyco, Inc., 3210 Van Owen, Burbank, California.

CASE STUDY HOUSE NO. 25

(Continued from page 16)

of the planting at the terrace on the second floor.

Overhead beams which stabilize the east wall will also help support fabric awnings to provide early morning sun control. These will be set in a festive manner to add spirit to this outdoor room. Floor of the courtyard will be Quarry tile. Entrance to the house from the courtyard is by sliding glass doors to the living room. This room which is 16'-0" x 26'-0" borrows the dimension of the courtyard and gives an illusion of 31'-0" width. The floor will be carpeted; the walls and ceiling are plaster. The fireplace will have an over mantle of unfilled travertine extending to the ceiling. This will be recessed 2" behind the adjacent plaster. A cabinet on the south, dividing the living from the dining room will house a stereo sound system, books and guest coats. The floor of the dining room will be of tile to match the courtyard. The west wall will be covered with cabinets sheltered behind folding walnut doors. The center portion will house a bar with refrigerator. On each side there will be cabinets to store a fine collection of china and glass.

The kitchen is of the simple galley type with cabinets of walnut and plastic laminate counter tops edged in 3/4" solid walnut. The sink and dishwasher are on the west wall. The refrigerator and ovens are on the east wall with the cooking top between them. The utility room is developed in a balanced composition with pantries on either side of the exterior door and the water heater, washer-dryer and the broom closet on the opposite wall. The service bath has a tile shower and a skylight for illumination. The second floor is reached by a carpeted stairway from the dining area. At the landing there is an excellent view of the upper terrace with its Quarry tile floor and large tubbed trees and shrubs. From here there is also a glimpse into the inner courtyard toward the tall front door. At the head of the stair there is located a dual purpose room which will serve as a study-sitting room for the second floor and also as a guest bedroom

when the sliding screens are pulled. The west wall of this room is covered in Danish oak panels which have an integral interlocking shelf system for bookcases and a hanging desk. The primary view from this room will be toward the inner court. The guest bath will serve both the bedroom off the terrace and the guest room. It will be provided with sliding screens and designed in such a manner that it may also be used as access to the terrace bedroom. The terrace bedroom will be developed as a playful garden-like room which can be used directly with the terrace. The master bedroom is at the canal face of the house and has an excellent view of the canal. It also borrows the extra width of the courtyard and gives the appearance of a 31'-0" width. The actual size of the room is 15'-0" x 16'-0".

Most of the furniture in this room will be built-in with only the bed and the Eames lounge chair as furniture. Cabinets on either side of the bed will house linens and various articles of clothing. The wardrobes will be on the south wall. The dressing table and wash basin in the dressing room are designed as furniture and will not have the look of a bath. For this reason this area is opened to the bedroom allowing a further flow of space. The shower and water closet have been set in a compartment with a sliding door, thus isolating this area from the rest of the bedroom.

The structure of the house is of wood frame and plaster with a concrete slab floor at the ground floor level. Heating and air conditioning will be by a three-zone, two-pipe system with heat exchangers, on the lower floor it will be by perimeter subsurface ducts; on the second floor by fan units directly over the areas being served.

THE ART OF THE LITHOGRAPH

(Continued from page 22)

was no more than surmise and determination when the idea of this experimental workshop was submitted to the Program in Humanities and the Arts of the Ford Foundation.

The design of Tamarind proposed a three-year operation, a self-liquidating experiment intent on creating conditions for the survival of the medium. By that time, some fifty to seventy-five mature artists well might be finding a satisfying personal expression in the lithograph, and the public (via the artists's galleries) might be absorbing a number of thousand prints. Most important, a few apprentices might have become printers, might be expected to open shops of their own in a few cities, and might be available, as well, to teach lithography in our universities. Perhaps thus the demand for the printer might be enough to sustain his survival in the medium.

Tamarind does not propose that lithography become a subsidized art. Instead, it asks that the community incorporate it into its fabric, value it, and patronize it. The Ford Foundation thought that the idea was worth a trial. A non-profit corporation came into existence, the grant was made, the board chosen, the panel of selection determined upon. June Wayne, who wrote the plan, became its director, and at once brought Clinton Adams and Garo Antreasian to Los Angeles where the three together launched the Workshop. As a spectacle, the workshop describes, or externalizes, this purpose. In the front building, we enter a reception room and an office. Then comes a large storage, display, work area, clinic white, where no spot can pass for an accident. Here the prints are signed, recorded, catalogued, and can be seen—and here is the kitchen too as a concession to living, since no one leaves for lunch. The tubular lighting and white walls sometimes give the impression of day and night shifts, as though there were nothing more important to be done than make prints, and there is a certain cool tension in the air.

Outside, again, we cross a green-planted patio for outdoor eating or rest in the open, and then we are in the workshop building itself, with its hand presses, its stones in steel-rollered racks, the electric lift, shelves of hand-made papers. This is a work area for collaborating artists, the scene again is all white and the walls are enlivened with impressions of prints in process.

We are in the midst of activity, reflection, take-it-or-leave-it advice, decision, modification in something less than complete privacy, and then the printer picks up his leather roller to ink a massive stone and crank it through the old French press. The director has, of course, to deal with temperaments in the heat of creation, and in this situation creation involves a printer and an artist new to each other, from disparate backgrounds, reflecting the collision between European techniques and American inventiveness. The director must have sympathy and judgment, encourage tolerance yet insist on technical standards at the same time. She brings to her task intelligence and personal attention, encouragement and the unspoken reminder that she is both fellow-artist and woman. Add to this a

vaguely deflating air of holding tomorrow with its problems tightly scheduled. This works. The artists aim not merely to experiment, but to experiment for results; they mean to add their portfolio and the two months vanish. The director has her longer range deadline too, measured in months. Eighteen have passed, a mid-point. It would be hard to imagine work in a less endowed atmosphere in spite of the abundance of whatever is needed by way of equipment and supplies.

Art, however, rises no higher than its source, and all this would be effort wasted if there were no adequate means of selection of the artists. A panel of selection has been drawn on for names, each member providing his own list on which the panel as a whole makes its comments. It then falls to the Executive Committee of the Board to build a sequence that takes into consideration the time best suited to the artist, and most feasible for the workshop. In an effort to accomplish as much as possible in the three years allotted, the number of artists and of printers and apprentices has been raised; but the basic principle remains of providing each artist with a printer as his opposite number.

With this exhibition at midpoint for Tamarind, the time has come to look for justifications, for the totaling of satisfactions, for considering the evidence uncovered by this rescue attempt. Through the prism of some thirty-two artists and nine printers we see a multifaceted performance in the art of lithography. The range and power of the prints are their own argument.

LEWIS MUMFORD

(Continued from page 21)

automatism, or that an expanding economy will provide adequate reparation and reward for a constantly contracting mode of life. There is no hope of finding a purely political solution for the problem of restoring the organic balance and human control, and so enabling the diverse communities and cultures of the world to live in comity, unless we have the wits to move firmly in the same direction in every other field.

A century ago it was natural for progressive minds to think that technics and science alone were the appointed repositories of all the rational forces in society: at that juncture even those who were at opposite political poles, like Herbert Spencer and Karl Marx, were agreed. In architecture, the Great Exhibition of 1851, housed in that technological marvel, the Crystal Palace, was an admirable expression of this faith and hope. Many modern architects still cling to this original Victorian ideology: they conceive that the chief duty of man in the present age is further to hasten his mechanical conquests, and to bring even wider realms of existence under purely external mechanical control. One such European architect has even expressed his utter contempt for the organic by planting lumps of colored glass instead of living plants in a garden—thus going beyond the example of certain New York architects whose washable plastic foliage and flowers still imitate nature. But would not an unbroken concrete surface, with not even a crack where some stray seed might lodge, be even more expressive in a modern garden?

To disregard the nature of the organic, the human, the personal, to disparage the autonomous, the spontaneous, the creative and the formative, to ignore the self-directing and the self-developing tendencies of all organisms: to admit only those parts of life that can be subject to extraneous command or completely replaced by a mechanical equivalent, as air-conditioning apparatus now often takes the place of fresh air, even in country houses where the air still is fresh and full of sweet odors—all this embodies the vulgar notion of the value of science and the mission of modern architecture and modern man.

This Victorian attitude was once clearly justified by the need to break through decayed ideologies and moribund traditions, in order to clear the ground for receiving those fresh manifestations of life that science and technics once embodied. But today this bias is absurdly musty and old-fashioned: for it takes no account of disastrous results of following this new creed to its conclusion, and has not yet accepted the radically different premises now needed to control the pathologically compulsive dynamism of our age. Our culture today is not restricted in its growth by undue respect for old ways, fixed traditions, dead historic forms. Just the contrary, our capacities for orderly human development are menaced by meaningless change, by random quantitative expansion without qualitative assimilation, by a serious lack of organic continuity, by our addiction to a

moment-to-moment continuum that neither remembers the past, selects from the present, nor anticipates the future; in short, by submission to purely mechanical demands that bring no sufficient human fulfillment. As a result of our one-sided commitment to the machine, we have become the victims of a purposeless materialism whose only goal is to keep on going. Ours has become the civilization of the disposable container; and our buildings tend more and more to embody its peculiar characteristics.

Every year the external shell of our existence becomes more complex, more mechanically refined, more monumental in scale, and often, in an abstract architectural sense, more elegant: but the human content becomes more empty, and the human purpose more incidental. This condition has been perfectly mirrored in those sterile bureaucratic images of the City of the Future that have prophetically dominated architecture for the last half century. By practical necessity, if not by avowed demand, the inhabitants of the great high-rise structures that are now marching across the landscape must be trimmed and altered to fit the architectural design. Le Corbusier openly proclaimed the necessity for altering human dispositions to fit his architectural idiosyncrasies in his defense of the absurd constrictions imposed by Unity House in Marseille; and Mies van der Rohe makes such peremptory demands without even bothering to defend them. So far from the architectural forms being fashioned to serve and delight the user, the house-dweller is selected, as an astronaut is selected for a space capsule, so as to conform closely both physically and psychologically, to the formalistic conditions and the financial calculations: the sole factors that, by seemingly pre-ordained and providential harmony, govern the whole design.

This cold indifference to vital human requirements is sometimes disguised as a new kind of humanism. I call to mind a brand-new dormitory in an American university, whose program had been very imaginatively conceived and carefully worked out in a cooperation between the students and the architectural faculty. The architects went out of their way to flout every personal and social requirement for rest, for study, for small-scale sociability, in order to create a hideously prisonlike structure, with rooms like punishment cells and ostentatiously wasteful public spaces. This design is little more than the mirror-image of the brutalized rationalism the architects possibly imagined they were triumphing over. Such false—I might almost say fraudulent—humanism, with its willingness to sacrifice veritable human need to an arbitrary esthetic concept, does far more violence to the human spirit than the crudest kind of utilitarianism. There was a healthy gymnastic nakedness in L'Esprit Nouveau of the nineteen twenties that is lacking in the meretricious L'Esprit Nouveau of the 1960's. The Neo-Libertarians mistake novelty for originality, and never stay long enough with any new mode of construction or new materials to relate them to human needs or to explore even a fraction of their formal possibilities.

In town planning, as in architecture, this sterilization and dehumanization has already gone far. In many American metropolises, notoriously Los Angeles and Detroit, the planners have already effectually destroyed the city in order to give pre-eminence to a purely subsidiary service, that of the private motor car; and during the last ten years, the same misplaced enthusiasm for mono-transportation, despite its inefficiency and its wasteful demands on urban space, has gone on all over Britain and Europe: so that even the best-planned cities on the continent, like Amsterdam and Paris, have forfeited their most precious urban space to these over-prolific mechanical mistresses. The difficulty in repairing this situation springs from the fact that our contemporaries have already in their hearts, accepted the supremacy of the machine, and the uncontrollable automatism of mechanical progress, and have resigned themselves to the secondary role that is now allotted to them. Who dares to call this ideal prospect life?

Almost a generation ago, in *Technics and Civilization*, I called attention to the new threat to man's development arising from the very success of modern technics in displacing human norms and human purposes: namely that the repressed aspects of life were already coming back in irrational forms, in the renaissance cult of war, in brutal, murderous sports, in mass tortures and criminal delinquencies of every kind. Thus our preoccupation with measurable and controllable physical phenomena, to

the exclusion of all other aspects of life, was producing a revengeful, all-to-human irrationality, bent on asserting in negative forms, the missing organic and human components. The whole man is in fact the chief enemy of those who still favor the indefinite quantitative expansion of scientific knowledge and physical power; for one of the first things that the whole man would do would be to curb this expansion and restore the more complex ecological pattern that includes organic and human capabilities not adequately served through or represented by any purely physical system.

The influence of the whole man is still far to seek: dismemberment is more fashionable. But what in fact is the meaning of so much that has been going on in the world of art during the last generation, with its symbolic representation of the primitive, the childish, the spontaneous, the inchoate and the unformed, except that it is a declaration that it is better to go back to the very beginning of man's development, and thus restore his original freedom, than to push on to the end of his present practices and commitments, and altogether forfeit his humanity? From this standpoint, Le Corbusier's church at Ronchamp, however faked and deliberately naive the elements in its composition, is a happy symbol of his own sudden awakening to the sterility of the images he himself did so much to make fashionable.

The moral of all these reactions is that life may not be denied: one must render to the machine only what belongs to the machine, and render to man all that belongs to man, or that, under a more divine impetus, transcends his biological limitations and his social necessities. This is not easy counsel, for in a disintegrating society destruction becomes a sort of negative creation. As a result, it is precisely those creative spirits, who should now be creating forms more fully expressive of the emergent potentialities of our life who are constantly tempted to use the vast destructive forces at their command in the vain hope that they may turn them to more human ends. Consider even such a robust and self-confident personality as the late Frank Lloyd Wright, he who placed the family home and the garden at the very center of his architectural opus and was content, so long as each family had its acre of land, to let the city dissolve into a formless house-pocked landscape. Even Wright, at the end of his life, projected such an empty technological stunt as a Skyscraper a Mile High: a form both anti-urban and anti-human, devoid of either practical value or esthetic significance. Thus the last testament of this prophet of organic architecture was an anti-organic form conceived without any reference to its human functions and purposes. Nothing could better indicate the formidable social inertia that the human spirit must now overcome.

Those who wish flatly to reject my present observations will make their task easier if they misinterpret my position as an attack on modern science, or treat it as an attempt to point the way back to an archaic handicraft technology. But in doing that silly injustice to me they would do an even greater injustice to themselves. There is no instrument of technics, however complex and elaborate, from a completely automated factory to a worldwide telephone system, that modern man should not be ready to welcome when it is under constant human control and operated strictly for human ends. But, the simplest ancient tool

or machine, a pickax, a plane, a loom, would still be a menace to human development if imposed by those who would reduce all human existence to mining, building, or weaving, alone. Our present plight comes not from science or technics as such, but from those who have turned the expansion of scientific knowledge and technical power into absolutes, to whose pursuit every other human interest and desire must be subordinated. These minds have turned every permission into a compulsion: instead of multiplying our choices, they have reduced them to those that would increase power, speed, quantity, automatism, external control. Every day the exploding universe of technics moves farther away from the human center where it originated; and every day while this lasts the human figure continues to shrink to something less and less than life-size.

In giving you these brief glimpses of my thoughts today, I have begun something I cannot hope to finish within the allotted thirty or forty minutes. The primacy of organisms and personalities over mechanisms and systems, the primacy of life itself above all its instruments and agents—that in a sentence is the substance of these rough suggestions and hints. In a sense my whole work may be considered as a kind of preface to what I have been saying today; but those who understand my philosophy best will know that it can never be fully formulated in words alone, but must be felt, imagined, enacted, and lived.

And where does that leave the architect? In the central position he has always occupied—as the mediator between natural conditions, mechanical necessities, and human purposes, as the continuator and integrator of a long human tradition that goes back to the paleolithic caves. The task for the architect today is not simply to interpret the demands made by the machine and the mechanical collective, nor yet to confine human purposes to the conditions that they would impose. For the coming generation a far more challenging problem presents itself: that of integrating mechanisms, organisms, societies, and personalities into new structures that will fully embody and progressively reveal the nature of life itself. The architect of tomorrow will embody life in all its complexity and subtlety, its cumulative historic richness and its continued creativity. The order that now beckons us will confine the machine to the house of life, and make man himself, as never before, at home in every chamber of that house: the visible master of his domicile. So have faith and be of good cheer: the human race always behaves best when the odds are against it, and, if we do not flinch or retreat, life may still happily surprise us.

ART

(Continued from page 5)

On page 32 Seitz complains that the term "neo-dada" has been used cavalierly since assemblage's manifestations are far too varied to be so categorized. I sympathize with his annoyance when the term is used to dismiss existing phenomena. But it seems to me that to affix a "neo" is not necessarily to slur. A reinterpretation of a past idiom, or spirit, or inspiration, or whatever you want to call dada, is a respectable procedure. Didn't Kierkegaard recommend the term "repetition" instead of "recollection" as a valuable philosophical description of experience? As a matter of fact, Seitz himself offers a suggestion on page 87

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which justifies the use of a neo: "Social and emotional life is scarcely more secure at present than it was during the youth of Jarry, Vaché, Schwitters or Duchamp." Just so. Therefore, should not the similar conditions produce similar responses? Only those conditioned by the fearful pressure of advertising and fashions are afraid of renewing or utilizing a past experience.

* * *

Mondrian: "Each epoch always had and always needs its oppositions of destruction and construction."

Seitz: "Finally and with authority—and for the first time in Western thought—dada substituted a nonrational metaphysic of oppositions for a rationalized hierarchy of values. As a consequence it accorded to unsureness, accident, confusion, disunity and discontinuity a share of the attention formerly reserved for what had been regarded as their moral opposites, and released a constellation of physical and intellectual energies through which an artist could (and still can) operate . . ."

The sad unism of Tzara who saw opposites as equivalents in 1918 epitomizes the destruction epoch of Mondrian. It is quite true, as Seitz says, that it shifted attention to a neglected possible range of values (though a hierarchy of values probably can have no opposite since no matter how disparate its so-called opposite is, someone has to decide how, when and what to do and that in itself requires hierarchical action). Whether the artist can still operate in the manner of Tzara is questionable. Judging from the more recent assemblages in the exhibition, the destruction epoch has run its course and has become a banal shibboleth. Opposites as equivalents are no longer arresting, shocking, stimulating phenomena. They are uncommonly boring as any dialectic frozen into a process and habit of mind must become, witness dialectic materialism.

* * *

The juxtaposition method, then, if it is the *sole* means of expression has built-in obsolescence, to use one of my favorite assemblage terms. Roger Shattuck in the symposium staged during the exhibition at the Museum of Modern Art rightly observed that certain types of assemblage were "once per customer" effects, brief sparks that in some way fail to add up to the dimensions expected of "art." What would be the use of a furlined urinal or a girl with a swansdown seat today?

* * *

Do we really "live in a world in which a million differing realities collide, far too many for us to digest" where "one is forced to choose between parochialism, sweeping renunciations, or an apprehension of reality in fragments"?

I suggest that at all times differing realities collided, and through these collisions, the imaginations of artists were tempered and strengthened in order that they could select and control the elements of reality *significant to them*. The choice Seitz puts before us is the choice of intimidated minds, to whom chaos is not, as it is for the artist, a constant out of which form must come.

* * *

The reason why deKooning's very small contribution to the exhibition was so important was precisely because he selected from a welter of realities and didn't rely totally on juxtaposition. By imitating the grayed tones of new photos around the eyes of his Woman; by gluing on the vapid toothpasty mouth from magazine advertisements, he comments, as Seitz remarks, on the "impact of commercial culture on postwar art." But deKooning as an artist had a bit more to say. The rest of the content gathers up memory, or repetition, and mills it uniquely: memories of cubism, surrealism, child art, comic strips, and painterly painting itself.

* * *

Oh for the palmy days of sensuality! In the exhibition the truly erotic, the playfully erotic and the grotesquely erotic overtones occur mostly in the work of the old masters: Ernst's photoengraved collages, Magritte's bottle-nude, Miro's *objet poétique* with its stockinged woman's leg (a favorite and endearing motif of the old boys), Tanguy's perforated board with fingers coming through. Umbrellas, legs, breasts and buttocks were so important once upon a time . . .

Who can talk about Duchamp? Only Duchamp. He is the *Escomateur* of the Bosch painting, and the naughty putto of a Boucher.

* * *

One should undertake an analysis of the metaphysics of boxes. No space. Suffice to say that Cornell and Nevelson make of their boxes incarnations in the highest sense described by Seitz. They present closed, personal cosmoses. The others only make boxes. Over-representationalism is rampant in Arman as it is in the fashionable "concrete" writers in France, and now in the United States. Please spare us, while I'm about it, the metaphysics of automobiles. Only Chamberlain, who is an artist concerned more with form, volume and color than with the nature of his materials, has managed to give the automobile panache.

* * *

In this slipping, sliding, colliding morass of "openness" it is all too easy to find an excuse for everything. If I were a French avant-gardist, I would look at the assemblage of Niki de Saint-Phalle (I suppose the double-entendre in her name is not accidental) and smile knowingly. The compilation of dagger, rope, scissors, pistol, so archly titled *Tu es Moi* (a Duchampish pun which means literally "you are I" but when pronounced means "kill me") I would readily concede is shrieking in its banality. Ah, or voila, I would cry: therein lies its wit. It is, I would explain, a satire on banality! Perhaps I would defend the stupid obviousness of Baj's portrait of a general, and the triviality of Mallary's jousting with the same wise smile. Anything at all can be explained once you grant the expressive autonomy of objects.

* * *

The boring, boring, boring, boring, boring monotone that absence of ellision produces (in literature I accuse Beckett, in assemblage, the *affichistes* and *fumistes* such as Arman, at least I hope for his sake he is a *fumiste*) seems to fascinate the young. What a letdown after the superb Schwitters and Cornell installations to come upon our own cluttered and infinitely undifferentiated world. Exceptions: Rauschenberg, Tinguely, Stankiewicz and one or two others.

Also Bruce Conner and Ed Kienholz, because they both slyly utilize narration or ellision to give themselves breathing room. Juxtaposition may be their major means, but they never hesitate to use link-passages.

Conner, by the way, had a show at the Allan Gallery recently. His horrible necrophiliac imagery, his use of uncomfortable materials such as human hair and shapeless old stockings (shades of the anonymous masks of stockinged-face night intruders), his cobwebby spookhouse humor are calculated to repel and could easily lapse into the banality we spoke of a moment ago. But Conner's imagery is varied and his temperament apparently so genuinely perverse that he can hold the viewer's attention long enough to make secondary references (ellision in this case being the transition from surface to depth, the apparition from behind black screens of gauze of symbolic forms, the planes that are multiplied in boxes and constructions, the verbal pun translated deftly into visual metaphors, etc.). Conner has ugly things to tell, but no one could deny their existence. I could not say the same about the manipulators of charred and crumbled materials whose ends seem pitifully small among the other young assemblers.

Kienholz makes no bones about what he has to say. He never plays with materials for their own sake, or resorts to representational banality in order to stress that he is indicting banality. He never balks at delivering unwelcome messages from the pagan gods, messages esthetes would prefer not to have associated with art. As I've said before, Kienholz is the heir to the tradition of social satire that embraces Goya, Daumier, Max Jacob (when he was twitting the bourgeoisie), Raymond Queneau and Nathaniel West. His savagery and anger are what distinguishes him. There are so few whose anger one can believe in.

* * *

One last wayward thought: There are too few passionate minds. Bravo, Seitz.

MUSIC

(Continued from page 9)

I believe heartily that whatever quarrel, or misunderstanding, or misrepresentation, or administrative decision has led to this decision needs to be put aside, for the good of American music and of all who work for that good. He should be reinstated at once in his position, and his powers broadly liberated however afterwards defined.

One may say that the too energetic Curator has been rightfully discharged for not minding his own business. The work he has chosen to do is everybody's business who is interested in the advancement of American music in its own country; everybody stands to profit if this work is well and amply done.

One can say, too, that the financing of the New York Public Library should be devoted entirely to the service of the people of New York. I do not believe this, and I don't believe that the Directors of the Library think that way. If they do, then let them encourage the more aggressive members of the Library in obtaining from other sources the money these wider activities require.

NOTES IN PASSING

(Continued from page 11)

bigger and more complicated it gets, just as knowledge of the world through ease of communication has made the world larger and not smaller as we so often believe. Not only has our problem grown, as Dr. Robert Oppenheimer points out, from one hundred million people to two and a half billion people, but "the very substance of our cognitive world is being changed many times over in a man's life." Again, we are confronted with the crisis of scale. The reality of our present situation is that it is ever changing and ever expanding. Confronted thus by a vortex of disintegration we must realize that no general intention exists spontaneously but must be consciously striven for by seeking unities where they exist, and dialectically creating new unities out of the morass of conflicts; and we must further realize that understanding of such a generally held intention must be cultivated by a continuous conscious intellectual effort. On all fronts the price of comprehensive unification is constant vigilance. We accept with scientist Oppenheimer, philosopher Whitehead, architect Gropius that our world is pluralistic. We accept the concept of a structured society "in which the intimate, deep disciplines, the intimate, deep ways of life are bound together by countless bonds; not all of them always active, but many of them virtually there, many of them created by friendship, by common purpose, by accidental communion of interest, by logical or emotional congruence and analogy, by affection, by love. This world is not an incoherent one; but its unity is not of the kind to which the study of history would accustom us.

—GILBERT HERBERT

Excerpts from "The Architect and the Problem of Cultural Integration"

—RIBA Journal

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